

VIKINGS AND CHIEFS HEAD FOR SUPER BOWL

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 12, 1970 50 CENTS

**HAWAIIAN
HIDEAWAY**





Don't settle
for some of the taste
some of the time.

Viceroy gives
you all the taste
all the time.

Joe and Jerry Tell It to You Straight!

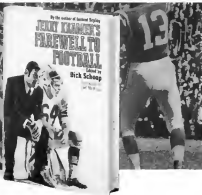
The Literary Guild brings you these two new books—at savings you can't beat!



I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow... 'Cause I Get Better Looking Every Day.

BY JOE WILLIE NAMATH WITH DICK SCHAAP

The rollicking story of "Broadway Joe"... the \$400,000 rookie quarterback who's become the greatest sports figure since Babe Ruth. Enjoy his dizzying career spiced with mink coats, fabulous bonuses, front page escapades... his flamboyant theories on girls, the game, gambling, sex. Joe Namath: the man who seems to have everything except—good healthy knees! Sure to be a best seller.



Farewell to Football by JERRY KRAMER

EDITED BY DICK SCHAAP

"No more shots of novocaine to kill my pains... No more 280-pound tackles to crack my ribs." After 11 action-packed years with the Green Bay Packers, Jerry Kramer has traded his green and gold jersey for a business suit. Why he's calling it quits at the peak of a career that saw him named 5 times All-Pro is as fascinating to read as his first great success INSTANT REPLAY.

Join the Literary Guild today! Get the great books you want at a fraction of the publishers' prices. Each month, you'll receive the Literary Guild magazine previewing the newest books. You need accept only four books during the coming year—out of almost 40 offered each month. And they're yours, the minute they're published. More good news. You get a bonus book with every book you buy—for even less than the already low Guild prices. Join right now. Send no money; just mail the coupon.

You may include either (or both) in your choice of any 4 for \$1

(You merely agree to accept only four selections or alternates during the coming year.)

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 227 FAREWELL TO FOOTBALL Jerry Kramer (pks. edition, \$1.75) | 232 I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW... 'CAUSE I GET BETTER LOOKING EVERY DAY Joe Willie Namath with Dick Schaap (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 238 THE LINES OF CHILDREN AND THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968 Theodore H. White (pks. edition, \$10.95) |
| 228 THE PETER PRINCIPLE Dr. Laurence J. Peter & Raymond Hull (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 239 THE OBSERVERS Memoir Frances (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 239 THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968 Joe McGinnis (pks. edition, \$9.95) |
| 240 THE MONEY GAME Adam Smith (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 241 THE FOURTH GENTLEMAN'S BEARD John Leech (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 242 PAPER ON A GAIN Rhonda Marlowe (pks. edition, \$5.95) |
| 242 THE UNBORN PATIENT & TENDER Dr. Nathaniel G. Cohen (pks. edition, \$1.95) | 243 JOURNALISM'S COLLAPSE: A Memoir Edmund Callaghan (pks. edition, \$10.95) | 243 ROBERT BENCHER A Memoir Jack Newland (pks. edition, \$8.95) |
| 243 THE EMERGENCE OF MEN John Ford (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 244 THE NEW YORK TIMES LEADS THE CHARGE CONRAD LEVINSON (pks. edition, \$5.95) | 244 REBEKAH HOPKIN Irene Brown (pks. edition, \$4.95) |
| 244 MOUNTAIN GEMINI James Lee Smith (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 245 A MOUNTAIN MAN: THE HARKINS & MOUNTAIN MAN (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 245 THREE OLD NOVELS The Lionel Lincoln Series No. 1, 2, & 3 (pks. edition, \$10.95) |
| 245 THE LOVE MARCHES (pks. edition, \$4.95) | 246 THE BIG BOSS Frederick Gooding (pks. edition, \$11.95) | 246 JOHN STANBROOK, THE SHAPES OF WISDOM THE WRITER OF NEW YORKER, THE GREAT NOVELS (pks. edition, \$10.95) |
| 246 THE SPY OF BRISTOL STREET JOHN WOODHOUSE (pks. edition, \$11.95) | 247 THE SEVEN NOVELS (pks. edition, \$11.95) | |

NOTE: Guild editions are sometimes reduced in size, but text and full length are not in need of copy.

Literary Guild of America, Inc.

Dept. of LIX, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for a trial membership in the Literary Guild and send me the 4000 books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes below. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping and handling if not delighted. I may refuse them in 10 days and this membership will be canceled. I do not have to accept a book every month—only as few as four a year—and may resign any time after purchasing four books. All selections and alternates will be described to me in advance in the Literary Guild magazine, sent free each month. And a convenient book will always be provided for my use if I do not wish to receive a forthcoming selection. The price of the books offered will average at least 40% below publishers' editions. (A modest charge is added for shipping and handling for each monthly selection for alternate selection.) I accept, I may choose a bonus book from the special catalog, at a fraction of the already low Guild price, often for as little as \$1.

Mr.
 Mrs.
 Miss
 Address (Please Print)
 City
 State Zip

Canadian Residents write in dollars above. For your convenience, books will be shipped from our Canadian office (900 Gips in Godwinville, U.S.A. and Canada only)

11-6850



The first clock radio you don't have to set the night before.

Remember those mornings when you slept right through? Pleading that the alarm forgot to go off and all the time you forgot to set it?

That doesn't have to happen anymore. Now there's a clock radio that remembers to wake you. Permanently.

Sony's Digimatic clock radio.

Just set it once. And it's all over and done with. Day after day after day it goes off. And you do too.

It gets you going in the morning with tender music (FM/AM). Or a not-so-tender buzzer.

And if you're a late night listener, our De-

luxe Hardwood model sports a handy speaker that hides right under your pillow. Our standard model comes in Antique White or Midnight Grey.

And as for our clock, well, who needs anything more than the numbers anyway?

So now you can thank our clock radio when you rise and shine on time.

And probably blame it too.

**The Digimatic
forget-you-not
clock radios from Sony®**

"It's a
Heater."

"No, it's
a Cooler."

"More like
a Nutritionist."

"It's an Energizer,
of course."



What do you call it?

"Silly, it's
an Elevator."

"Obviously
a Preserver."

"Where we
come from
it's a Fertilizer."

"I don't know
what you call it, man,
but it's wild."

"Anybody
can see it's a
Freshener."



No matter what you call it,

"It's an
Accelerator."

"Comforter.
No doubt
about it."

"I've got it...
Caterer!"

"By jove, I think
you've got it!"



**there's a lot more coming
from natural gas energy...**

...there's a lot more coming from natural gas energy.

Gas energy...natural gas energy...that gas energy that warms and cools your home, dries your clothes and cooks your food...is going to do a lot more for you in the future. One day soon, for instance, gas energy may generate all the electricity you need right in your home... for a lot less than it's costing you now. Gas energy may bring you fresher water to drink... and cleaner air to breathe. Gas energy may get you to work faster in the morning, home sooner at night, or across the country faster than you can get across town today. And guess what's coming to dinner...natural gas turned into food! So stay tuned. There's a lot more coming from natural gas energy. And, beginning next month, we're going to tell you all about it.

"Who said that?"



Northern Illinois Gas Company

Contents

JANUARY 12, 1979 Volume 32, No. 2

Cover photograph by Jay Munsell

Ready for the Super Bowl

- 12 *First Joe Kapp's Vikings wanted and baffled the Browns*
- 17 *Then the Chiefs' pass rush destroyed Dan J. Lewentz*
- 20 **Bobby Mines the Mother Lode**
Boston's golden vein of Orr to producing an astonishing twist for the NHL scoring title
- 22 **A Recession? No Sign of It Here**
While some economists predict trouble in 1979, one key area of sport—horse racing—is bullish
- 26 **Texas Holds Onto No. 1**
A clutch consolation by two courageous elves won for the Longhorns and quieted Penn State's claims
- 30 **Go Back to a New Grass Shack**
How to avoid the crowd and find the halfway Hawaii—a package of fun in the sun with the newest sportswear
- 44 **Adventures of Super Spy!**
With millions of sport dollars at stake, television risks a nap of cloak and a touch of dagger. Part 2 of a series
- 66 **Wet, Happy Marvin Shackleford**
The world champion marathon water skier lives a life of not-so-quiet recreation at a Memphis marina

The departments

- 9 Scorecard
- 35 College Basketball
- 58 Golf
- 60 Skiing
- 74 For the Record
- 75 19th Hole

12

20

22

26

30

44

66

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by First Inc., 541 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, IL 60641, principal office Rosacker Center, New York, N.Y. 10023, James K. Storer, President; Richard B. McKee, Treasurer; John P. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Chicago, Canada and for payment of postage at each Subscriptions office in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$10.00 a year; foreign, \$15.00; any other in the world \$7.00 a year; all other \$14.00 a year.

Credits on page 74

Next week

A WAR OF HITTERS will decide the professional football championship in New Orleans. Can the Chiefs' savage defense contain the Vikings' bruising attack? Tex Maule will report.

WAVE OF THE FUTURE in sports is the regional franchise, said Frank Deford two years ago. Now he reports on the first such group, pro basketball's Carolina Cougars.

ASTROLOGERS have their views on sports, and fans of both are reading what is written in the stars. Jeannette Brace takes a heavenly look at athletes, Astroflash and Aquarius.

Next time you take
a Sunday drive...
take us along!



Now, a new service
that offers you
stereo tape
cartridges
at great savings!

As your introduction, take

ANY 4
8-TRACK CARTRIDGES FOR ONLY \$5.95
plus mailing and handling

If you join now, and agree to purchase as few as five additional cartridges during the coming year, from the more than 600 to be offered



NO "IN-HOME"
CARTRIDGE
PLAYER?
You can have one
for only \$9.95

Turn page for full details! ▶

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON

Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please enroll me as a member of the Service. I've indicated below the four cartridges I wish to receive for \$5.95, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase five more selections during the coming year at the regular service price under the terms outlined in this advertisement... and I shall cancel my membership any time thereafter if I choose. I am to receive an 8-track cartridge of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

SEND ME THESE 4 CARTRIDGES (JMI in numbers below):

--	--	--	--

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only):

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

Name (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address

City

State Zip 624-5/2K

THAT'S RIGHT! You may have any 4 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here (or from the cartridges displayed on the next page)—ALL 4 for only \$5.95! That's the fabulous bargain for new members who join and agree to purchase as few as five additional selections in the coming year.

AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Service's buying guide. Each issue contains scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered... or take no cartridge at all... just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Service will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided... or accept by doing nothing. **YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT!** Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Service price of \$6.98 (Classical and occasional special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge. **YOU GET FREE CARTRIDGES!** Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33 1/3% discount on all the 8-track cartridges you want... for as long as you want!

**COLUMBIA Stereo Tape
CARTRIDGE SERVICE**

Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

How to turn over a New Year

Show customers
your appreciation
for 1969 business
with a personal
Long Distance
thank you.



**And if you do not own an 8-Track "in-home" unit,
we will give you this 8-Track Tape Cartridge Player**

OUR REGULAR PRICE \$69.95

for only **\$995**
plus mailing

what you felt by buying three cartridges now, and agreeing to buy only seven additional cartridges in the coming year, from the more than 100 to be offered.

The richness of full stereo sound—with the convenience of 8-track cartridges!

- **Flare Through** your home stereo record system... no special installation, plug right into your amplifier or stereo phono graphy.
- **Push-Button Program Selector** changes from one program to another with just the touch of your finger.
- **Completely automatic operation**
- **Program Indicator** lights up each program when unit is in operation
- **Rich warm, glowing sound**

Here's the most advanced, most convenient, most trouble-free way for you and your family to enjoy stereo music in your home. It's the famous, compact COLUMBIA 8-TRACK TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYER. . . now yours, in this extraordinary offer, at a truly fabulous bargain price!

With the Columbia S-Track Player, you'll be able to enjoy full stereo fidelity, plus the effortless convenience of S-track cartridges in your home! Cartridge tapes play continuously—switch automatically from track to track . . . and the Player provides superb stereophonic sound reproduction right through your present home stereo record system!

Our regular price for this Columbia Player is \$69.95, yet now, as part of this special offer, you may have it for only \$9.95 when you join

now and buy three cartridges of your choice at the regular Service price of \$6.98 each.

Your only obligation as a member of the Service is to purchase seven additional cartridges during the coming year... music you probably buy anyway! As a member, you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Service's buying guide. Each issue contains scores of cartridges to choose from—the best offers below over 50 different labels! If you want only the regular selection of your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered... or take no cartridge at all... just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, team time to hire the Service will offer some

special cartridges which you may reject by re-running the special dated form provided ..., or accept by doing nothing.

Your Own Charge Account! Upon enrollment, the Service will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them and played them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Service price of \$6.98 (Classical and some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

Free Cartridges! You'll get an additional cartridge FREE for every two cartridges you buy, once you've completed your enrollment agreement. That's like getting a 33 1/3% discount on all the 8-track cartridges you want . . . for as long as you want! Mail the coupon now!

ATTENTION CREDIT CARD HOLDERS: If you prefer, you may charge your Flair and cartridges to one of your credit cards. We honor six different plans. Simply check your preference and include your account number on the coupon.

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE SERVICE
Tape Heads, Indiana 47202

Yoon Hyeon, *teaching 4700*

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE SERVICE
Terre Haute, Indiana 47701

Please attach the following:

Please enroll me as a member, and send me the Common 1-Track Cartridge Player described here. I am enclosing my check or money order for \$9.95. (Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or my money will be refunded in full.) Also send me these three cartridges, billing me \$6.95 each, plus mailing and handling for the Player and cartridges. Fill in numbers

--	--	--

- My main musical interest is (check one box only): B24-6/3R
☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Adults ☐ Country

As a member, my only obligation is to purchase as few as seven additional cartridges during the coming year at the regular Service price, under the terms outlined in this advertisement. And I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter. If I continue, I am to receive an 8-track cartridge of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I purchase.

Name (printing grade)	First Name	Initial	Last Name
--------------------------	------------	---------	-----------

Abstract 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 10

City.....

If you wish to change the text of the Email and your feed

If you want to charge the cost of the player and your first three cartridges, plus mailing and handling, to your credit card, check one and fill in your account number.

- ☐ BankAmericard ☐ MasterCard ☐ Uni-Card
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Midwest Bank Card

Account	Expiration
Number	Date

824-7/4R

CHOOSE YOUR
FIRST THREE
CARTRIDGES

NOW
from these stores
here—and from the
participating stores
to our ad on the
displaying sign



ISAAC
HAYES
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
1981, 1984



JOHNNY MATH
Live These
Days
THOMAS
& JARRET
-PUB-
Tuesday W
1 Wm. Seng
191695

LOS DYLAN
Nashville, TN
404 252-1111
The Memphis
Country
Jazz
Jazz
Call
1-800-444-1111
1-744-4444



ARTHUR FRANKLIN
Arty's Gold
18317E

TWIN PACKS
Twice the music — per each cassette and vinyl selection

THE ARMY
SOUND BY
BY
THE JOURNAL
OF MUSIC
1706

SUPER
30 of
Biggest
• Super
17



Lets a lady leave like a lady.

GM's Tilt Steering Wheel is the swinging way to get in and out of a car. A touch of a lever and it swings up and away so you can enter and exit with ease. Swings down easily to just the right position for your kind of steering comfort. And you can swing it up or down—while you're driving—for a relaxing change of pace. Order Tilt-Wheel

on your new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick. Cadillac and larger Oldsmobile models offer Tilt & Telescope Steering. See any GM car dealer for a demonstration. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Mich.

**The Swinging Wheel
from General Motors**



SCORECARD

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

Here is a small, cheerful note from the racial front. At the Johnstown (Pa.) annual Christmas high school basketball tournament, the tournament's hostesses, all but one of them white, selected Ed Searcy, a black star from New York City's Power Memorial Academy, as the most popular player. And when A. D. Eisenhower High defeated Bishop McCort in the consolation round, Eisenhower's white coach, William Werkiser, had five black players on the floor most of the time, while McCort's black coach, Don Ferrell, used five white players the whole game.

CAN'T LOSE

Los Angeles Baptist College, a church school, has a starting forward on the basketball team named Dennis Lord. And one of the team's reserves is Claude Heavens.

LONG COUNT

The American League attendance figures for the last couple of seasons (SCORECARD, Sept. 8) have been based on the number of tickets sold for a game rather than the crowd actually in attendance. The league defends this practice partly on the grounds that when it comes time to split the gate with the visiting team it is only fair to include all tickets sold for that game. We agree, but we still question whether attendance figures can include people who are not present.

For instance, the Kansas City Royals reported a 1969 season attendance of 902,183, and this figure was duly carried in the published table for all teams in both major leagues. But at the end of the year a small item appeared in *The Kansas City Star* concerning the rental the Royals paid to the city for the use of Municipal Stadium. The item noted that the turnstile count at the stadium—which means the actual paid attendance—was 788,319. That was higher than any K.C. season attendance since 1959, but it was still almost 114,000—

or more than three capacity crowds—fewer than the official American League figures.

Hyping the attendance this way is a little like calling walks base hits in order to inflate batting averages.

PRAY

Maybe the American League would do better in the attendance department if it took inspiration from the Christmas card sent out by the Chicago White Sox, who drew fewer than 600,000 people to spacious White Sox Stadium last season. The White Sox card showed the Star of Bethlehem shining over the stadium with the notation, "O come all ye faithful."

PLENTY OF ROOM

For that matter, do the White Sox really think they have attendance problems? Hah! A soccer game in West Berlin on a cold Sunday in December between VfB Neukölln and Hellas Nordwest, two teams in the top class of the amateur soccer league, drew a crowd of exactly three paying customers.

FUND RAISER

You may recall the flap in 1968 when it was disclosed that \$72,000 raised in Dallas for the U.S. Olympic Fund never got to the U.S. Olympic Committee. One of the fund raisers, Mrs. Joyce Dodson Tate, a striking looking girl in her late 20s who had shown phenomenal skill in getting donations, was subsequently arrested (SI, April 15, 1968). The other day in Dallas she pleaded guilty in state court and was sentenced to two years in prison (to be served simultaneously with a five-year federal sentence in connection with the same offense).

Before she went into the courtroom Mrs. Tate quietly insisted that she had never received major benefits from the Olympic Fund and had none of the missing money, but in court she told the judge, "I am pleading guilty because I am guilty." Afterward, as she discussed

plans to serve her sentence in the shortest possible time, she was asked how she could remain so calm in the face of going to jail.

"Why cry?" she replied. "It just ruins your makeup."

RATED X

The country's moral fiber was threatened for a brief moment during a Jack Twyman TV interview with Willis Reed of the New York Knicks, between halves of a game that the Milwaukee Bucks and Lew Alcindor eventually won by 13 points from the league leaders. Twyman and Reed were discussing the superb game Alcindor was playing when the following dialogue ensued:

Reed: Lew has done a hell of a job on us.

Twyman (nervous laugh): A little colloquialism there, eh?

Reed (deadpan): Yeah, he's done a real good job.

GONE GEESSE

One of the world's best goose fighters is a Tennessee farmer named Baxter Burdette, whose 115 acres are bordered on three sides by the Blythe Ferry Goose Preserve. Burdette says that geese which



dropped in from the preserve ate 100 tons of silage last year that he needed for his dairy cattle. To keep it from happening again Burdette strung yards and yards of slow-burning fuses around his farm, with firecrackers attached and timed to go off at 15-minute intervals.

—continued



**Jan van der Zee
is the world's best
tobacco blender.
We give him the
world's best tobaccos
to blend.
DOUWE EGBERTS
HOUSE BLEND**

We've been producing the world's great tobacco mixtures since 1753. Now we have a new blend. A masterful blend of truly superb tobaccos. Because it is the best in the house, we call it our O.E.* HOUSE BLEND. You may enjoy the O.E. HOUSE BLEND in two versions—Regular and Aromatic. Both are in handsome tins. If you have been seeking an outstanding pipe tobacco, we suggest you try our HOUSE BLEND. It is sensibly priced at 70¢ a tin.

For the name of the store nearest you that purveys our HOUSE BLEND, write to Douwe Egberts, Inc., P.O. Box 472, Chatsworth, California 91311.

*Our full name is Douwe Egberts Tabaksmaatschappij. Quite a mouthful to pronounce, isn't it? That's all right.

You may call us O.E.

Most of our
friends
do.



Hand Blended in Holland

SCORECARD *continued*

The ingenious system worked, and Burdette's silage stayed goose-free. But the State Game and Fish Commission and a host of hunters were not amused. They felt that the firecrackers were scaring the geese on the preserve and making them gun-shy. Burdette shrugged. Personally, he explained, he liked geese and wouldn't harm a feather on their heads, but he had to keep them off his farm. It was a matter of economics. The only alternative, he said, would be for him to take his cows in and have them graze on the hunters' lawns.

LITTLE

The NAIA, the athletic association that comprises the so-called little colleges and universities, has come up with its own All-Star football team. It is a 24-man All-Pro squad made up of NFL and AFL players who spent their college years at NAIA schools. The list is impressive:

OFFENSIVE TEAM

TE Jackie Smith, NW Louisiana (St. L.)
SE Warren Wells, Tex. Southern (Oakland)
T Charlie Cowan, N. Mex. H'lands (L.A.)
T Lane Howell, Grambling (Philadelphia)
G Ken Gray, Howard Payne (St. L.)
G Gene Upham, Texas A&I (Oakland)
C Randy Rasmussen, Kearney State (N.Y.)
QB Randy Johnson, Texas A&I (Atlanta)
RB Carl Garrett, N. Mex. H'lands (Bos.)
FB Robert Holmes, Southern (K.C.)
FL Bob Hayes, Florida A&M (Dallas)
K Don Cockcroft, Adams State (Cleveland)

DEFENSIVE TEAM

E Deacon Jones, S. Carolina State (L.A.)
E Rich Jackson, Southern (Denver)
T Buck Buchanan, Grambling (K.C.)
T Gary Larsen, Concordia (Minnesota)
T Jehro Pugh, Elizabeth City (Dallas)
LB Garland Boyette, Grambling (Houston)
LB Al Beauchamp, Southern (Cincinnati)
CB Willie Brown, Grambling (Oakland)
CB James Mansal, Tenn.-A&I (K.C.)
S Lem Burney, Jackson State (Detroit)
S Eddie Meador, Arkansas Tech (L.A.)
K Mike Escheld, Upper Iowa (Oakland)

A LONG WAY, BABY

Joggers and runners are clogging up the highways and the byways something terrible these days, and there seems to be no limit to their age or sex. The youngest, full-fledged, verified runner we've come across is Maryetta Bortano, who recently ran in the Petaluma Marathon in California—which is sanctioned by the Pacific AAU—and completed the official 26 miles, 385 yards in an admi-

nable 4½ hours. Maryetta is 6. She has been running in distance races ever since she turned 5.

Her father, John Bortano, a co-owner of a San Francisco machine-tool company, runs, too, as does his wife. On Maryetta's running, he says, "I've heard it pro and con from doctors. Some say it is all wrong about Maryetta running at this early age. But they can't tell me why. Others object, too, but they admit frankly that they have no scientific evidence against it. Our own doctor checks her out frequently and says she's in perfect health. He says that running is fine for her, physically, and advises cutting back on it only when she loses interest." Like when she's a sophisticated 87

LOFTY EXPERIMENT

The pole vaulters tried something new at the All-American Games in San Francisco last Saturday night. Instead of following the tradition of having all vaulters try three times to clear one height before raising the bar to the next height, each man was given a total of six vaults, each at any height he wanted.

Bob Seagren, the 1968 Olympic champion, had been one of the first to suggest the new system, but it backfired on him. He picked 17' for his first vault, made it, then missed once at 17' 3" and, in an attempt to equal his indoor record, missed four times at 17' 6". Meanwhile Sam Caruthers of San Jose State picked 16', made it, moved up to 17', made that, and then missed four times at 17' 3". He and Seagren were thus tied for the best height of the evening—17'—but under the complicated rules of pole vaulting Caruthers' earlier 16' vault gave him first place.

If Seagren had elected to lower the bar on his last try to 16' 6" and cleared it, he would have won. The crowd applauded when he ignored the chance for a cheap victory and continued to shoot for 17' 6", but spectators generally expressed disappointment because they did not see enough successful vaults. Seagren cleared the bar only once, Caruthers twice and the two weakest vaulters in the seven-man field did not clear the bar at all. When they jumped for the first time the competitive heights had already gone beyond their reach, and for them the experiment was pointless.

Seagren said he found another weakness that he had anticipated but had not realized would be so pressing. "In

normal progression," he explained, "you can conserve yourself, maybe take an hour's rest between vaults, while slowly peaking toward your highest mark. In this kind of event you have to keep warm all the time. You may start high, as I did, but then you have to be ready to go higher on every attempt."

"I'm not ready to say the system is good or bad—it's just an idea. But maybe it needs some refinement."

NOT ITEM

Until recently about the only thing ever invented to help the wintertime golfer was the red golf ball, for use when a dusting of snow on the fairway makes a white ball all but invisible. But in Texas they have at last come up with something besides the standard hip flask to help keep the cold-weather golfer warm. At San Antonio's Windcrest Golf Club golfers can ride in electric carts warmed by \$45 portable butane heaters. The heaters come with a spare bottle of fuel and can keep two golfers warm for 18 holes. "You don't even need the spare bottle," says Homer Webb, the pro at Windcrest who hit upon the idea. "We run the heater full blast for 18 holes and didn't use up the first one."

Golf carts at Windcrest ordinarily rent for \$5 a round, but carts with heaters go for \$6. Webb, who even installed a heater on a pull cart to see how that works, says the heater has an advantage beyond comfort. "It makes a better pointer of the golfer on a cold day," he says. "You can warm your hands before putting, and that really helps."

These days there is no hotter item in his pro shop, claims Webb.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Fitch, Minnesota basketball coach, exited from his home by quarantine since mid-December (SCORECARD, Jan. 5) after his third and last daughter came down with chicken pox: "If the dog doesn't get it I can go home in two weeks."

• Chuck Burkhardt, Penn State quarterback, after the Nittany Lions beat Missouri in the Orange Bowl: "If we're not No. 1, we've got to be No. 1-A."

• Derek Sanderson, long-haired center of the Boston Bruins, after boarding the team bus without a tie—a violation of team rules that calls for a \$50 fine—on being offered a conservative necktie by Coach Harry Sinden: "Gee, Harry, can I take the fine instead?"

END

It decides when to flash.

Stick a flashcube on an ordinary camera and it'll flash with every shot until it's finished.

Too bad.

Good picture-taking calls for flash when you need it, no flash when you don't—real fast!

It calls for one of the Minolta Autopaks.

The only instant-loading cameras in the world that decide for themselves when to fire and turn the flashcube.

Shown is the Minolta Autopak® 800. Under \$80, plus case, with an automatic film advance that lets you take 12 shots in 14 seconds with just one winding. Plus a range-finder for sharp, easy focusing.

Other Minolta Autopaks from less than \$55.

Why stick a flashcube on an ordinary camera?

Now that the extraordinary Autopaks are here.



Minolta Autopak

Instant-loading cameras
with the
quality difference.

For literature, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Angloglobe Ltd.

After you listen to Washington, you can hear the Kremlin's reply.

Direct from Moscow. On the Panasonic RF-5000A. The world-wide radio that's changed the ground rules for world-wide receivers. For good reason. The "World-Wide," Model RF-5000A, pulls in every available frequency in the world. On 11 different bands that separate the world into easily identifiable pieces. And bring in short-wave, long-wave, FM, AM, amateur and marine broadcasts. Even Morse Code.

Five built-in wide-range antennas take in everything you'll want to hear, and send it out through perfectly matched 7" oval and 5" hi-fi speakers. A special mechanical filter plus noise limiter makes sure you hear it all without interference.

And because the set works on batteries as well as house current, you won't have to miss what's going on in the world when you're at the beach.

The RF-5000A has features that impress even the engineers. Let it impress your ears. At any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. And next time Moscow has something to say to our government, maybe you'll be one of the first to hear why.



PANASONIC.

Just slightly ahead of our time.

For dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0656. We pay for the call.

KAPPING THE BROWNS

Whether they went by air or on the ground, Joe Kapp's Vikings met little resistance from Cleveland, whom they beat 27-7. Now, in the Super Bowl, Minnesota must deal with the tough Kansas City defense by **TEX MAULE**

Joe Kapp doesn't fool a lot of people with his fakes, he throws the football with more hope than accuracy and when he runs he isn't fleet, but then he isn't elusive, either. However, as Karl Kassulke, one of the Minnesota Viking defensive backs, says, "Joe Kapp is one tough son of a bitch."

Last Sunday in Bloomington, Minn., with the temperature on the field ranging between 7° and 9°, Joe Kapp and 39 other tough so-and-sos beat the Cleveland Browns for the NFL title. The score was 27-7, the win put the Vikings in the Super Bowl against the Kansas City Chiefs in New Orleans on Sunday, and the only time Kapp felt that he let his team down was late in the second period when he was lumbering along the sideline and stepped out of bounds. He said he should have veered in and hit the tackler coming up.

In recent years winning quarterbacks have usually been brainy types who can keep track of complicated game plans even under duress. For Kapp, a happy-go-lucky soul who is half Mexican, half mmp and often half of a collision, a game plan is a bunch of plays selected by his learned coaches, which, if the mood strikes him, he may use. If not, he invents his own. The Vikings, to be sure, are not what you would call a subtle team. They operate on the theory that

if you hit the other people harder than they hit you, you will very likely win the football game.

The one play that summed up this philosophy—and this game—came in the middle of the third period, and no coach would have dreamed of calling it. The Vikings were ahead 24-0. Most quarterbacks would have been playing conservatively, keeping the ball on the ground, running out the clock. Not Kapp. With third down and four to go on the Cleveland 47, he dropped back to pass. Unable to locate an open receiver, he ran to his right, turned upfield and discovered his path was already occupied by Jim Houston, a 240-pound linebacker who is the best man on the Cleveland defense. Early in the game the Vikings had directed most of their attack away from Houston, on the sound theory that there are better places to go.

Houston hit Kapp head on. Kapp went high in the air, spun half around and landed on his back. After such an impact you would expect the quarterback to be left for dead. Kapp bounded to his feet. It was Houston who lay face down, blood running from his nose, through for the afternoon. Kapp trotted back to the huddle and a few plays later completed a 20-yard pass to Fullback Bill Brown which set up a Fred

Cox field goal, the second he kicked, that put the Vikings ahead 27-0.

Late in the fourth period, with the score 27-7 and no reason at all to gamble, Kapp came up with something that might be called a play, and was definitely Kapp. He called a drive into the middle of the line, with Brown carrying the ball. Brown fired ahead, reached for the ball and came up empty. After faking the hand-off Kapp rolled to his left and, bereft of blockers, rumbled 19 yards for a first down on the Cleveland 32.

"I wasn't thinking of that when I called the play," he said later. "But I didn't think it was going to be a good play for Bill after I came up to the line of scrimmage, so I kept the ball myself." As End Jim Marshall, the mus-tachioed leader of the Viking defensive unit, says, "Nothing Joe does ever surprises me."

What Joe Kapp may have done is to pretty much destroy the mystique of pro football. The arcane mysteries of the fabled line and the overshifted defense and the combination man-to-man and zone defenses mean nothing to him. He attacks defenses basically, with no frills and no excess ratiocination.

continued

Unencumbered by a defender, Gene Washington broke in a Kapp bomb that made the score 23-0 and all but finished the Browns.



"Winning is everything," he said after the game. "You do anything you have to do to win. Everything else is crap."

Kapp, then, is no picture quarterback. His passes do not fly on a flat, hard line. On long throws they wobble precariously in a lofty, arcing trajectory before dropping almost straight down, sometimes with defensive backs climbing atop one another for the opportunity to intercept.

Kapp threw two of these mortar shots early in the game. One of them set up a touchdown and the other scored one. "Sometimes you get to a point when you know someone up there loves you," he said. "Some of those passes I threw today. He had to love me. That first pass I threw to Washington . . . that was a crappy pass."

On that heavy Wide Receiver Gene Washington was racing down the sideline with Cornerback Walt Sumner matching him stride for stride. The pass was underthrown, and both Washington and Sumner tried to slow down. Both slipped and fell. But as Washington was

falling, the ball plopped into his arms. The Vikings had a first down on the Cleveland 24 on a 33-yard gain, but it could just as easily have been a Cleveland interception.

Two conventional running plays moved the ball to the Cleveland seven. Then Kapp improvised. He called Bill Brown into the middle of the line, only Brown slipped and ran full tilt into Kapp. While the impact knocked the 230-pound Brown back and almost down, Kapp, who still had the ball, spun around and began to run. Guard Jim Vellone applied a shattering block on Tackle Jim Kanicko at the line of scrimmage, and Kapp paddlefooted through the hole. In the short secondary he brushed by Free Safety Mike Howell. Tackle Walter Johnson and End Ron Soudow converged on him at the three and Kapp carried them into the end zone.

The play gave the Vikings their first touchdown and seemed to dispirit the Browns. They had played defense perfectly well, by the book, but it's a book Kapp has never taken out. He had succeeded twice on plays that should clear-

ly have been failures, and he did it again about three minutes later, and whatever gods were looking down on the game must have been sitting in Valhalla. This time Kapp was operating from the Minnesota 25, third down, nine yards to go. He dropped back under an oppressive rush and threw one of his pop flies. Washington waited under it patiently, caught it and loped in for the touchdown with no defender within hailing distance. Erich Barnes, who had the primary responsibility for covering Washington on the play, had been knocked down by Houston, his own teammate. Had there been any kind of coverage, the pass could easily have been batted away.

That made the score 14-0 with only a few seconds over seven minutes gone in the game and, to all purposes, that made the Vikings NFL champions. Of course, it wasn't all Kapp. The Minnesota offensive line, which tirelessly blocks and pulls and traps without earning praise—much less a catchy nickname—played what may have been its best game of the year, prying narrow holes in the Cleveland defense through

Quarterback Joe Kapp, who runs like one half of a collision looking for the other half, takes off from the Cleveland seven after a busted play



which Dave Osborn, for one, boomed for 108 yards in 18 carries.

Osborn, like Kapp and the rest of the Vikings, dominated Cleveland with pure physical strength. Once, cracking through a hole in the center of the Cleveland line, Osborn ran head on into Middle Linebacker Dale Lindsey, knocked him sideways, spun away and went on for six or seven more yards. On the touch-down run that sent the Vikings ahead 24-0, Osborn ripped through the left side, shrugged off one tentative tackle and rumbled 20 yards, breaking another tackle by Ernie Kellermann en route.

Despite the fact that many of the Browns wore sneakerlike broom ball shoes (broom ball is a game played on ice) to keep from slipping, they couldn't get going in the first half, in which they advanced no farther than the Minnesota 48 until the final minute. In fact, the score was 17-0 before Cleveland got its second first down. Nick Skorich, Coach Blanton Collier's chief offensive assistant, said, "We intended to run early to open up the pass. Then we felt we could complete passes in the cracks of

the zone, 10 to 20 yards downfield. But their pass rush hurt us. Even when they weren't getting to Nelsen, they were coming in with their hands up and Nelsen couldn't find Warfield or Collins. Our running game wasn't going and we couldn't pass. That doesn't leave much."

Moreover, Bill Nelsen was knocked down and hurt early in the game. In the regular-season game against Minnesota, which the Vikings won 51-3, he was hurt, too, and his arm went dead. Now, in the first quarter, he was hit by Jim Marshall and again he lost all feeling in his arm from the elbow down.

"He hit me on top of the head," said Nelsen, who avoided most of the reporters by going into the treatment room directly after the game. "When I got up, my arm was numb and I thought, 'God, not again.' I had no feeling in my fingers. I would drop back to pass and I couldn't feel the ball and I couldn't throw it."

Nelsen, who was so sharp against Dallas the week before, completed only five passes in the first half. He wound up with 17 of 33 for 181 yards, but threw

two interceptions and he had his most productive moments late in the game when the Browns didn't have a prayer. Kapp, on the other hand, completed seven of 13 for 169 yards and was the Vikings' second best rusher with 57 yards in eight carries.

"I wouldn't change our game plan if we played again tomorrow," said the stubborn Skorich. "When Kapp threw his ruptured ducks they came back and caught them, which we didn't do. I think we might have been a little too cautious in the first half and we didn't execute as well as I would have liked us to on the third-down play, but we did what we thought we could do."

In the second half the Browns executed somewhat better, especially after Lonnie Warwick, the Vikings' middle linebacker, left the game in the third period with a twisted ankle. Warwick had been dropping back in zone coverage to cut Paul Warfield and Gary Collins off from the quick shots over the middle, and Warfield hadn't caught a pass. The Vikings got the idea for this double coverage on the weak side watching

continued

early in the first quarter, plows into 278-pound Walter Johnson (71), lunges ahead and winds up in the end zone for the first Viking score.



the Cleveland-Dallas game on TV. When Warwick went out the zone coverage broke down a bit and Nelson found Warfield and Collins for key gains in the Browns' only touchdown march of the day, which concluded with a three-yard pass to Collins.

By then it was all over—or almost. With 12 seconds left to play and the unruly vanguard of the crowd encroaching on the field, the Vikings had the ball on the Cleveland two. According to Kapp, the referee asked him whether he wanted to go to the locker room or try to get off one more play. Snapped Kapp, "We're going to score again," and he went back to the huddle and told his teammates, "We're going to score again." No they weren't. Mysteriously the gun went off and the crowd poured on the field and battered Kapp on the helmet with so many love taps that he was in danger of getting concussed. One group of determined fans also managed to make off with a piece of a goalpost. Now what are they all going to do with 20 feet of metal pipe?

Jim Marshall knew what the Vikings had to do. "We had to lean on the Browns or they would have run us out of the stadium," he said. "We knew we had to play on their side of the line. This is a punishing game and you have to punish people if you want to win. You have to hit people. That's what you have to do. Not intimidate people. Dominate. You have to dominate them."

After the game Kapp, the most dominating Viking of them all, sat in the dressing room surrounded by writers and broadcasters, toying with a bottle of champagne he had confidently bought the day before. He shook the bottle and sprayed everyone in range, then laughed and hollered, "Me colorful." From the back of the room a Viking yelled, "Joe Kapp has soul." Kapp grinned and yelled back, "And a sore body." Then he said, "You'll never believe this, but once, when I was in college, I missed the hand-off to a back and followed him into the hole. I ran 92 yards for a touchdown and when I got to the 20-yard line I looked back for a flag. I figured the officials would be calling delay of the game."

"You made a beautiful fake on the bootleg in the fourth period when you ran 19 yards," a reporter told him and Kapp laughed, his round, dark face lighting up.



The running of Dave Osborn, who gained 108 yards, gave Joe Kapp (below) cause to swell.

"Hey," he said. "That's the first time anyone ever accused me of making a beautiful fake."

"Is it true you throw the ball without putting your fingers on the laces?" someone else asked, and Kapp smiled hugely again.

"What good would it do?" he asked.

"Does it bother you that some people have written that you aren't a classic quarterback?" another reporter asked.

Joe Kapp looked up. Blood was trickling from one nostril down to his upper lip.

"Classics," he said, "are for Greeks."



As Darryle Lamonica went onto the field his lobo eyes surveyed the banquet: 11 juicy Kansas City Chiefs in appetizing red and white, lambs for his delectation. And just a Sunday beyond this last American Football League championship, the swan song before merger with the NFL, lay the feast of feasts, the Super Bowl, for which he longed with all his hungry heart. But after he chewed a little way into the sheepfold, this tall, strong Oakland quarterback—the very best in the league to all but diehards for Joe Namath—made a terrible discovery. There were lions in there, and maybe a bear or two. And they ate him up. When it was over, and Oakland had lost 17-7 after as feckless a fourth quarter as any fan might fear to witness, Lamonica had no feast to remember but the awful rushes and grizzly hugs of Jerry Mays and Aaron Brown, Kansas City's quarter-ton of defensive end.

The Raiders, a deep, tough team on more normal Sundays, had run up a 12-1-1 record during the regular season, including two hard-fought victories over the Chiefs, and a vicious 56-7 interdivisional playoff win over the Houston

LAMONICA'S MOVEABLE FEAST: HE WAS THE MAIN DISH

by ROBERT F. JONES

Oilers. Kansas City had a respectable 11-3 record on the year and had twice thrashed the world champion New York Jets.

A beguiling aura of secrecy surrounded the championship game—a shroud of mystery that would have done justice to the Continental Op. In their last game, Kansas City's dapper, innovative coach, Hank Stram, had the Chiefs run at the Raiders, allowing his quarterback, the 13-year veteran Len Dawson, to throw only six passes. Ostensibly, Dawson was still fragile about the knees (he had missed six games earlier in the season), but Stram also figured that if he could beat Oakland on the ground, he wouldn't have to reveal any of the new passing wrinkles which he hoped to use in the championship playoffs.

Borrowing a leaf from Vince Lombardi, Stram took his team to Santa Bar-

bara for the week prior to Sunday's game. The warmer weather allowed Dawson to sharpen his long passing game, frozen for a month in the snow and ice of Kansas City, and also permitted the Chiefs' fleet receivers, Otis Taylor, Frank Pitts and Gloster Richardson, to add some frills to their moves.

Oakland's rookie coach, John Madden, also added a few plays to his book. Armed cops kept close guard on the Oakland Coliseum throughout the week, and even shoed away the troops of Commissioner Pete Rozelle when the team was working out. On the eve of the game, Madden aped Paul Brown and sent his players to the movies before bed-check at an undisclosed motel (psst, it was the Edgewater West). The flick was Faulkner's *The Reivers*, but in the end it was Madden who got revved.

The game, when they got around to

continued

In the comedy of errors for the AFL title, the Chiefs lose a fumble to Oakland, but they had the last laugh, intercepting four Raider passes.





playing it, turned out to be two almost completely different contests. Kansas City took the opening kickoff and moved well for two series of downs. Then Dawson broke with his earlier conservative image and sent Taylor on a deep fly under the bomb. But Oakland's "snail patrol"—the four high-flying defensive backs—were not to be bombed out just yet. All-League Cornerback Willie Brown managed to get a hand between Taylor and the perfectly thrown pass, and suddenly the Chiefs seemed to go limp.

The first half was all Oakland—at most. Lamonica got the Chiefs thinking about flare passes to his backs, notably Charlie Smith, and the outside run. Then he moved his attentions to his tight end, Billy Cannon, and Wide Receiver Warren Wells. With the first quarter winding, Lamonica hit Wells for 24 yards to the Kansas City three. Smith hopped in on the next play untouched, and Oakland was halfway to the 14-point lead. Lamonica thought he would need to win. It looked like the perennial inability of Kansas City to win the big ones was not to be overcome. "It was all over town," said Aaron Brown. "K.C., the jinx club. You don't believe it, but you can't help but think about it. It makes you want to fly in the face of the fates."

Plenty of flying was to come, and one of the top aviators was Middle Linebacker Willie Lanier. When the Raiders went ahead, Lanier found himself with tears in his eyes. "They're not going to score again," he raged. The Chiefs began to toughen. All during the season, with Dawson out for a spell and later fragile, the Chiefs had had to learn determination. "Our defense was aged in disaster," Stram said afterwards.

With less than three minutes remaining in the half, and fans beginning to yawn over what was an obvious mismatch—even if the score was only 7-0—Dawson began a drive from his own 25. Throwing under intense pressure from the Raider front four, and with Oakland's linebackers gobbling up his running backs, Lenny suddenly got a break—two of them, in fact. First, Oakland was caught holding, then the Raiders jumped offside and Kansas City had a first down at midfield. Fullback Robert Holmes slogged for eight yards up

the middle, and then Dawson unwrapped one of Stram's new sets. It broke Pitts clear for a pretty 41-yard pass reception down to the one-yard line, and Wendell Hayes went off tackle for the score.

It was an *augury*, the only penetration of Oakland's turf in the whole first half, and it permitted the Chiefs to go into the locker room with a tied score at halftime. It also gave the Chiefs' front four a new life.

"We'd had to play close and conservative after that first Raider score," said Aaron Brown. "We couldn't afford to let Daryle break off a draw or a screen on us for the big gain. Now we could freewheel."

During the intermission, Stram waxed inspirational. "I dwelled on the championship," he said later. "Turn it on, I told them. 'Give it all you've got. It's in our grasp, now squeeze it.'"

If the first half had been Oakland's, the second was even more impressively Kansas City's. It turned on the immense strength of the Chiefs' pass rushers: Mays and Brown at the ends, Buck Buchanan and Curley Culp at the tackles. Johnny Madden had foreseen the results. Almost prophetically, on the day before the game, he said, "It's going to be a match of great strengths, a very physical game. If Kansas City is stronger, we'll lose."

Finesse was forgotten as Brown and Mays blew in, from the inside mainly rather than taking the long way round. Lamonica denigrates the statistics on how often a passer is dumped, but Brown alone got to him three times. On one of those sackings, the second time Oakland had the ball in the second half after a Mike Garrett fumble at the Chiefs' 33 put the Raiders in scoring position, the whole game came unstuck. Brown blasted through and bore down on Lamonica just as he was releasing the ball.

"As I clocked Daryle, he hit me with the follow-through," said Brown later, "right in the face mask." The jolt strained a tendon in Lamonica's passing hand and jammed his thumb and first two fingers. In came aged George Blanda, and suddenly it was like the past recaptured. The chance to recall the jinx mood was lost. Blanda missed on a pass to Running Back Larry Todd near the 20, then tried a field goal from the 40. It missed—his second to fail. There was a quick exchange and Blanda got another shot, moving the Raiders to the K.C. 24.

But then Blanda's pass to Wells was picked off in the end zone by the Chiefs' Emmitt Thomas, who ran it out to the six, and K.C. was off on a 10-play tear to the go-ahead touchdown. Two plays, both of them long passes from Dawson to Taylor, were crucial. The first brought the Chiefs up out of the shadow of their goalposts to the 37, where Taylor just managed to keep his feet inside the right's decline long enough to be legal. The second took the Chiefs from the 32 all the way to the Raider seven on an interference call on Nomiah Wilson—a close, tough call involving some of the day's highest contact. Holmes rumbled five yards for the touchdown three plays later. Lamonica returned to the game—sorehanded, but flinging the ball anyway—and then the fun began. Ultimately three of his passes were intercepted by the Chiefs. Not to be thought less generous, the Chiefs delivered three fumbles to the Raiders—each of them representing a scoring chance. It was ludicrous. At one point, Bobby Holmes literally ran up the back of Tight End Fred Arbanas, fell off and dropped the ball.

With 6:50 left in the game, Emmitt Thomas grabbed his second interception, this one at his own 20-yard line, and returned it to the Raider 18. Four plays and three yards later, Jan Stenerud booted a 23-yard field goal and K.C. had some insurance, but the confusion wasn't over. Dawson fumbled a hand-off to Hayes, and Oakland Defensive End Ike Lasserre recovered on the Chiefs' 13. No way Oakland was going to score, though. Not Sunday.

As Willie Lanier explained it, "We got the jump. We made the Raiders divert from their game plan. They couldn't play it safe. When they're ahead of you, they whipsaw you, but when they're behind, they're a very predictable team, like anybody else playing catch-up."

In a sense, Lamonica was the saddest figure of all. Proud almost to the point of arrogance, he now stood chastened with pain and defeat. Yet he stayed in the locker room until the last reporter had asked the last question before he packed up and headed for the hospital. In the Chiefs' quarters, where the big cry was, "The Ring! The Ring! We've got the Ring!" Lanier was already thinking ahead. "Next week," he said with a laugh, "Joe Kapp, the kangaroo quarterback."

END

The Chiefs' pass rush, here in the person of Jerry Mays, gave Lamonica a brutal time.



Richer than his most extravagant admirers believed, Boston's vein of Orr is producing a run at the scoring title that is astounding for a defenseman **by MARK MULVOY**

BOBBY MINES THE MOTHER LODE

What has gotten into Bobby Orr? Already the National Hockey League's best defenseman—the alltime best, most people would say—the Boston Bruins' superchild entered the new year leading the league in scoring. We can now expect a pitcher who will win a batting championship, a quarterback who will gallop for more yardage than Gale Sayers and a guard who will lead the NBA in rebounding. Before Orr, or B.O., as Bostonians date their ante-Bobby remarks about the Bruins, no defenseman ever led NHL scorers after the first few games of the season. Defensemen, after all, are supposed to help keep pucks out of the net, not put them in.

Orr is doing both. He has scored 11 goals and assisted on 45 more for a total of 56 points, seven more than Phil Goyette of St. Louis, the No. 2 scorer. Altogether, Bobby has been on the ice for 88 of the 131 goals the Bruins have scored—68%. And with the season reaching the halfway mark, Orr needs only nine points to establish a new season record for scoring by a defenseman. And consider this: if Orr can maintain his pace of 1.5 points per game, he will finish the season with about 115 points. In its 52-year history the NHL has had only one 100-point player, Orr's team-

mate Phil Esposito, whose 126 just last season was considered phenomenal.

Defensively—and defensemen must be defensemen first—Orr's statistics are more impressive than ever, and he has been brilliant, of course, since first skating onto the Boston Garden ice in 1966 at age 18. Despite playing about 65% of every game, Bobby has been on the ice for only 42 of the 103 goals the opposition has scored on the Bruins—40%.

Primarily because of Orr's class, the Bruins are only four points behind the first-place New York Rangers in the East Division. "Considering everything that has happened to us so far," said Boston Coach Harry Sinden last week, "I really couldn't be any happier. Second place looks pretty good right now." The Bruins started the year by losing Teddy Green, their intimidating All-Star defenseman, went without the fiery mod center, Derek Sanderson, for five weeks, and are still awaiting Winger Ron Murphy's recovery from a shoulder injury.

What the Bruins would have done without Orr is frightful to contemplate. During the crises he rallied them. "Here's a kid who's only 21 years old," says Boston Goalie Gerry Cheevers, "and he's keeping us all alive and well. He's got to win the Hart Trophy as the most valuable player, the Norris Tro-

phy as the best defenseman and the Vezina Trophy as the best goaltender." Best goaltender? "Yeah," Cheevers said. "Bobby has stopped more shots this year than any goalie in the league."

Such remarks have not brought any displays of temperament or conceit from Orr, although he is probably the No. 1 superstar in his game and the youngest superstar in professional sports. "I'm in my fourth season now," Bobby says, "and I think it's only natural that I've learned some things about people. I'm wiser now, I know that, and I handle situations more assertively than I did last year or the year before that. And don't forget, I'm very lucky."

There are sound reasons why Orr has become more assertive this season. For one thing, he has played almost entirely injury-free, although at the moment his lower lip looks like a piece of raw hamburger. The lip has been sliced open three times in the last two weeks, requiring a total of 28 stitches to keep it closed, even temporarily. However, Bobby has skated without any trouble from his vulnerable knees. "I don't think about them anymore," Bobby says. "Early in the season I went through two players, and they cracked me good. Real good. If the knees didn't go then, they never will."

As a result, Orr has become not only a stronger skater but also a shifter skater. "Bobby's like O. J. Simpson on skates," says Gary Bergman of the Detroit Red Wings. "He is the fastest and the strongest skater the National Hockey League has ever seen," adds St. Louis goaltender Jacques Plante. Esposito, not a very graceful skater because of his height, agrees: "If I could skate like Orr I'd be All-Week every week of the year."

Another reason for Orr's new aggressiveness is that he has slightly altered his style of attack. In previous years, instead of shooting the puck or trying to break for the goal himself, he too often would pass the puck to a teammate. "I was always after him to shoot the puck more himself," says Sinden, "but then he'd go out and pass it. He scored his goals, but he could have scored a lot more." This year Orr has become more of a shooter, although not necessarily at the expense of his passing. So far Bobby has taken 195 shots. Only Esposito, a gunner's gunner who spends a lot of time near the goalmouth, has shot more often. Twice Orr has made 11 shots in a game—an extraordinary number. And when Bobby is not shooting he is setting up goals; in a game in which he shot only once, he made four assists.

It has become clear, too, that Orr is the real leader of the Bruins. He does not wear a C for captain or A for assistant captain on his jersey, but there is no doubt among the Bruins that Bobby is the spark. "He hasn't had to say anything to make this leadership thing felt," says Sanderson. "He has an innate quality that doesn't require words."

Naturally, Orr's offensive strikes have forced rival coaches to devise special anti-Orr defenses, none of which seems to have worked too well so far. "You can't double-team him because he'll spot the player you leave uncovered and hit him with a pass," says Red Wing Coach Sid Abel. "But you can give him special attention." Most teams like to send a good forechecker, someone persistent like Dave Keon of Toronto, Ralph Backstrom of Montreal or Michel Briere of Pittsburgh, to harass Orr in his own end—which rarely works, either.

"If you'll notice," says Don Awrey, who is Orr's defense partner, "Bobby

always is isolated when he skates out of our zone. There's never a Bruin near him. He likes to have plenty of room to operate, and when he has it who can stop him? This is the first year we've played on the same defense, and it took me a while to keep myself away from him. When I played with Teddy Green last year we always backed each other up. Bobby, though, wants to go head to head."

About the only criticism of Orr as a hockey player is an occasional gripe that he concentrates too much on offense and forgets that defensemen must play defense. The pros themselves consider this nonsense. "Sure, he leads the rush," says Gordie Howe, "but he's so quick that he's the first one back on defense. He's got the legs." Stan Mikita adds, "Until Orr gets up across his blue line he thinks defense."

Eddie Johnston, who shares the Boston goaltending assignment with Cheevers, offers the best rebuttal. "They say Bobby doesn't play defense. Heck, he makes hockey a 40-minute game for us. He's got the puck 20 minutes by himself. What better defense is there? If Orr has the puck, we're going to score—not the other guys."

Orr himself shrugs off the criticism. "I hear it, and I read it, mostly in Montreal," he said, "but it doesn't bother me. Everybody has a style. Mine just happens to be offense."

Bobby's offensive thrusts have made him the most electrifying player in the game and a bigger box-office attraction this year than the old champ, Bobby Hull. When Orr starts off on one of his rink-end-to-rink-end dashes, the crowds rise and roar. "Bobby's dynamic," says Esposito. "The fans don't care when I carry the puck or when Jean Beliveau or Stan Mikita or Rod Gilbert carry it. But when Orr carries it they're up on their feet."

Last Saturday night Orr lured a season's high crowd of 14,163 to The Forum in Los Angeles for a game between the Bruins and the Kings, the worst team in the league, and Bobby set up the first and last Boston goals in a 6-2 victory. "These people came to see Orr, there's no doubt about that," said the deposed King coach, Hal Laycoe.

Harry Sinden agreed. "In the buildings that are full," he said, "I'd say

that 95% of the people come to see Orr and 5% come to see the home team. In the other buildings, well, they aren't empty when Orr comes to town. You hear talk about the \$200,000 athlete. Well, Orr's going to be the first \$200,000 hockey player."

Bobby, of course, already has revolutionized the salary structure in hockey. With Attorney Alan Eagleson, Orr negotiated a three-year contract before the 1968-69 season, and when rumors of the terms (about \$65,000 a year plus other benefits) reached the hockey hinterlands almost all NHL players demanded—and many received—more lucrative contracts.

A bachelor, Orr does not need \$200,000. Not yet, anyway. But if he scores more than 100 points, wins the scoring title and happens to win the Stanley Cup for the Bruins, he just might get it. **END**



Orr winds up for a mighty shot in Detroit.

RECESSION AHEAD? NO SIGN HERE

Though economists predict trouble in 1970, the view of one of sport's major activities—horse racing—remains bullish **by WHITNEY TOWER**

The market is down, the weather is lousy and holiday bills are coming due. On top of all that, the financial-page pundits are generally gloomy. Are we really in for a recession? It would be presumptuous to suggest that the sporting world can supply an answer, but one area of sport traditionally provides a unique barometer of the economic weather ahead. The good health of horse racing requires that people not only pay their way in to enjoy the fun but carry enough cash to augment that pleasure by betting. Racing is a \$7 billion industry—sport at work in the national economy, operating virtually every day of the year on a wide front encompassing 30 states where pari-mutuel betting has been legalized. So how is it doing in early 1970? The indicators say: never better.

Fred Van Lennep, a tall, slick-haired ex-Philadelphian, runs a trotting and thoroughbred track in Michigan, a trot meeting in Florida and another in Kentucky, where he owns the flourishing Castleton breeding farm. He also controls the Hollywood, Fla. dog track where business is up an astonishing 51% over last season. The other evening Fred was admiring crowds lining the rails at his handsome Pompano Park and queuing up at the windows. What about the future? "At a time when the cost of everything is going out of sight," he said, "you can still buy a pari-mutuel ticket for \$2." It was more than a wisecrack, more than an indication of racing's special appeal. It said that money is available—for sport and other good things. "I see no recession in racing in the coming year," Van Lennep added. "I look on sports of any kind as the only outlet for people working 35 to 40 hours a

week, with money in their pockets. Racing will be enhanced because personal sports activities like golf and tennis are becoming more expensive. And I, for one, find racing becoming more and more accepted by young people." At Van Lennep's turnstiles, his betting windows and in his swank Top of the Park restaurant, business is better than it has been since Pompano opened six years ago. With rare exceptions, that is true around the country.

Thoroughbred and harness racing have just finished their most spectacular year, with attendance at 64 million and a betting handle of \$5.5 billion. Those 30 state governments received close to \$450 million in taxes and, as usual, made familiar noises about wanting more. They will undoubtedly get more. (One possible exception is California, where a labor dispute has delayed the opening of Santa Anita and Bay Meadows. Each day the tracks are shut the tax collector loses \$200,000.) At the Fair Grounds in New Orleans the betting handle is up nearly \$2 million over last year's figures, and both attendance and the concession business are climbing steadily. The figures at Phoenix's Turf Paradise are up substantially, too. At Laurel's chilly winter meeting the Maryland track almost matched last season's best-ever business in the face of severe competition from the first-year operation of flat racing at Pennsylvania's Liberty Bell. At Liberty Bell itself crowds have reached 17,948, and on one subfreezing Saturday, despite a muggy track and 25-mile-an-hour winds, the crowd totaled 9,666, including 47 huskies of anxious bettors, 29 of them crammed with refugees from New Jersey and New York. And last Sat-

urday evening, with huge snowbanks lining the rails all along the home stretch, the largest audience ever to attend a winter opening in New York—28,042—poured into Roosevelt Raceway and then bet more than \$2 million.

If the overall picture continues bright, it is only fair to note that for many participants in racing (including bettors) it remains a most frustrating affair. Thoroughbred competition in the U.S. is the richest game in the world, but of all the owners of some 45,000 horses that raced in 1969, fewer than 10% were fortunate enough to break even or show a profit, and that figure is not likely to change. Still, trainers collected their 10% winnings on purses of \$161 million and the top jockeys enjoyed their best year. Four riders—Velazquez, Cordero, Belmonte, Baeza—earned more than \$200,000, and 18 others, including such nonhousehold names as Whited, Holte, Miceli and Rosales, took home more than \$100,000 apiece. In trotting, seven drivers won purses of more than \$1 million; four years ago there were none.

In the business world, indications of confidence in the future are often to be found in the volume of investments for expansion. The corollary in racing involves the degree of activity on breeding farms and the sale of young horses that will not be ready to earn a dime for their new owners for many months. Certainly if breeders and buyers were suffering from anxieties, they did not bring along their fears to the major sales in 1969. Thoroughbred's Fasig-Tipton Company, Inc. and Keeneland's Breeders' Sales Company did a record-breaking \$52 million worth of business. At the major trotting auction in Harrisburg in November more yearlings than ever were offered and one brought \$125,000, another record. The total for standardbred sales, more than \$18 million, also was a new mark. Delvin Miller, trotting's all-round participant as owner,

continued

As the starting gate moves up the stretch, Pompano Park's apron fills with fans, reflecting the prosperity of racing around the nation.





In New Orleans it's SRO in the stands and busy at concessions; at Tropicana Park luxurious dining adds to the fun; at Laurel picking winners is tough.

trainer, driver and track president, commented on the trend: "In the last five years we've been getting more racing days and more tracks, but the good horses have been spread around too much. Now the supply is beginning to catch up with the demand. More good colts are bred and sold every year, so the quality of racing must improve and the fans are aware of it."

Fasig-Tipton President John Finney says, "A mild recession won't have too much effect on the horse business. The quality markets are on a sound basis and will hold a solid market, even though the cheaper horses may be affected by the continuing of tight credit. Recession is a dangerous word, but I can see no diminishing interest and no loss of confidence among the real foundation men of the game. And certainly there is no lessening demand for horses. What sets the value of horses is to be found, ultimately, back at the \$2 window, and I haven't seen a trend to lower betting."

Despite recent passage of tax legislation that racing people consider far more favorable than they anticipated, the volume of business at the thoroughbred sales rings in 1970 is not likely to top those of the past two years unless there is a one-man buying spree like the one put on by Wendell P. Rosso, who bought four Sen-Birds for a total of \$602,000. Another reason is that 1969 also saw a number of wholesale dispersals that boosted sales figures, including the auction of Captain Harry F. Guggenheim's famous Cain Hoy Stable for more than \$4.7 million.

For all these signs of high-flying prosperity, thoroughbred racing is entering a tricky period, one that may be less influenced by fears of recession than by the judgment of those who manage individual tracks and administer the sport itself. If not in 1970, then certainly in the early '70s, important decisions will have to be made on a number of questions. Among them are offtrack betting (which seems certain to make its North American debut in the Canadian province of Ontario within a year), increased Sunday and night racing, uniform medication rules, just pension plans for backstretch help and satisfactory agreements between tracks and unions to prevent strikes like the one

that threatens to wipe out the entire Santa Anita meeting.

"The welfare of racing," says John Schapiro, president of Laurel, who is also starting his second term as head of the 57-member Thoroughbred Racing Associations, "is, of course, tied in with the economy of the nation. We would have to expect a downward trend—just like any merchant—if there is a bad recession. But right now the trend is up. Our big problem is that we can't fight a downward trend the way other businesses can, because we are so heavily regulated by law."

In California, where there is obviously reason for concern, Santa Anita General Manager Fred Ryan says, "I believe racing is in a troublesome period. It is almost at its zenith and we must take steps to market our product better. This is one industry where you can't pass on increased costs to customers easily."

Jim Stewart, Ryan's counterpart at Crosstown Hollywood Park, is one of a growing number of thoroughbred officials who recognize the enormous growth of harness racing without—as has so often been the custom—treating the rival sport as some sort of disease that must be banished by summoning the nearest witch doctor. Night harness racing at Hollywood, says Stewart, "was up about 20% in 1969 and I wouldn't be surprised, in the next five years, to see it grow another 50%." Lynn Stone, newly elected president of Churchill Downs, adds, "Some of our people feel that thoroughbred racing hasn't equaled the growth of harness racing and other professional sports." Indeed it hasn't in recent years, and one obvious reason is that flat racing, like pro football, is at near-peak acceptance and no longer can expect startling annual leaps in attendance. Trotting can.

"We are really thrilled about our possibilities," says Pres Jenuine, general manager of the Western Harness Racing Association. "We're not Chicago or New York yet, no instant success—but neither were they when they started. We have a way to go to approach Yonkers, for example, where the per capita betting is about \$130 compared to our \$75 or so."

Roughly at the same point, a continent away, is Phil Baker, general man-

ager of the thoroughbred associations that lease Liberty Bell Park. When Neshaminy Park is completed in 1971, at a cost of \$34 million, Baker will be able to offer 200 straight days of racing in the area, a strong inducement for horsemen to settle in one place and benefit from the increased purses almost certain to be available.

And then there is Marge Lindheimer Everett, who seldom finds things to her liking and who witnessed a drop of around 10% in both attendance and handle at Chicago's Arlington Park. Says Marge, "The horse-racing situation in the United States is critical. The saturation point has been reached. We are now in the same position as football and major league baseball because of overexpansion. Many states now have year-round racing, and this is unhealthy because of the shortage of horses. There are more racing operations and more days than ever before, and the supply can't keep up with the demand." Some horsemen could tell Marge that she may find herself in even shorter supply of good horses in 1970 if she is successful in obtaining any more night-racing dates. And, needless to say, many others simply do not agree with her. The two trotting meetings at Chicago's Sportsman's Park in 1969 showed increases in attendance and betting. Bill Johnston, president of both sponsoring harness associations, feels that the way to contend with more racing dates is to offer better competition and, obviously, he believes his programs are superior. He also views the possibility of recession with equanimity, or something close to it. "All I know," he says, "is that when the banks were closed in 1929, the race-tracks were still running."

Well, the flat and harness tracks will be running full blast in 1970. If there is nothing as yet in prospect to equal the duels between Arts and Letters and Majestic Prince (the Prince is hurt again and may not race this winter) or the sight of Nevele Prade trotting away with all the records in the book, something will come along for sure. Meanwhile, how about a winter-book parlay of Charles Engelhard's Protanto to win the Derby and Johnny Simpson's Timothly T. to win the Hambletonian? Brother, can you spare \$2?

END

TEXAS HANGS ON TO ITS NO. 1

Notre Dame came close—and Penn State was rooting for the upset—but after Cotton Speyrer made a heroic catch in the fading moments (below), Texas nailed down the national championship **by DAN JENKINS**



DRAWING BY ROBERT RANDVILLE

And so there lies a young man named Cotton Speyer, all 5' 11" and 169 pounds of him, ringing out the old hundred years of college football and ringing in the new, holding onto something called No. 1 and clinging also, for whatever sentimental value it may be worth around Austin, to the very overwrought lives of Darrell Royal and his hordes of Texas Longhorn followers. Speyer has just wheeled back, knelt, lunched and scooped up a forward pass thrown by another obstinate elf, James Street, on a gravely executed play that will simply have to be filed away among the real treasures of the sport. For it was this gamble in those last fading moments of the Cotton Bowl—this fourth-down pass from one guilty urchin to another—that enabled Texas to defeat a valiant Notre Dame team 21-17 in as courageous a game as any two schools played throughout the whole of the century.

In fact, the way the thundering afternoon was controlled and more or less dominated by the inspired play of the urchins—and not just Street and Speyer but Notre Dame's marvelous Joe Theismann, as well—carried with it a message of what college football is all about. Here they were down on the soggy Cotton Bowl turf last week, in the best of the four New Year's Day games, surrounded by pro prospects of enticing quality, from the stampeding Steve Worster to the ponderous Mike McCoy, and it was the thin-waisted, seemingly fragile guys competing for honor, coach, campus and blonde who seized the day and turned it into a milestone.

After all, it had been Joe Theismann, the South River Road Runner who is only 6' and 170—hardly a Roman Gabriel—who almost whirled the Irish beyond their fondest memories of the Four Horsemen in Pasadena. Theismann's passing, faking and scampering shocked Texas and gave Notre Dame a 10-point lead in the game's first 15 minutes and 20 seconds. And it was his same multiple ability to escape the quick rush and find the open receiver that brought the Irish back in the fourth quarter and put Ara Parseghian's beautifully prepared team ahead again 17-14, with only 6:52 left to play.

If any Texas fans were truly surprised by the fury with which Notre Dame was playing, by Theismann's record passing in the Cotton Bowl (17 completions for 231 yards and two touchdowns) or by

the notorious defensive work of Linebacker Bob Olson, they must have forgotten a basic fact—that Notre Dame is Notre Dame. When you added to it the fact that the school was making its first bowl appearance in 45 years and going against the No. 1 team, then all Texans should have known they'd be up to their Stetsons in a crusade. And it wouldn't matter whether the Irish would be using big mean McCoy's or flighty little Theismann's.

As the Notre Dame quarterback had said before it all got started under a blue Texas sky (outlined against the three surviving Four Horsemen, who had flown in for the epic occasion): "I've never been so keyed up for a game, and I've never felt so confident."

The Notre Dame performance was good enough to have won against any team but Texas. The differences were a hard-running Longhorn backfield that tore out 331 yards rushing from the Wishbone T; a quick-thinking coach who has proved over and over that he can be dagger sharp when a game is, as he

puts it, "in heat"; and Street, whose quality of leadership would not allow his team to lose in all of the 20 games that he worked.

Leadership is a quality we often overlook in this era of Archie Mannings and Jim Plunketts, the gifted physical types who will probably become great pros. Perhaps many of them are leaders, too, but as yet none of them has a record like the one Street posted at Texas or that of another winner, Penn State's Chuck Burkhardt.

Which brings up the fact, momentarily at least, that Penn State might have grabbed one or two No. 1 plaques had Texas not beaten Notre Dame. The Nittany Lions embarrassed Missouri in the Orange Bowl 10-3, the same score by which USC topped Michigan in the Rose Bowl. Joe Paterno's team did the job in its usual manner—with a magnificent defense that intercepted seven passes, recovered two fumbles and generally made Missouri look sick.

Paterno, an amusing and likable coach on the order of Royal and John Mc-

continued

Three plays after Speyer's catch, Billy Dale crashes over for Texas' winning score.



Kay of USC, had every right to try to argue his team into the No. 1 spot since it, too, finished 11-0, but no one paid much attention. The feeling, obviously, was that Texas won under more pressure in the big games and with greater ease in the earlier pushovers. Even McKay, who probably faced a tougher overall schedule than either and who also wound up unbeaten—but once tied—admitted that Texas deserved to be the national champion.

Besides, one can't escape the fact that Joe Paterno and his boys had a chance to take on the Longhorns in Dallas and passed it up for another trip to Miami and the sunshine. Penn State will have to live with that, along with No. 2.

All season Street and Burkhart got the job done, and last week both did it one last time. Burkhart, who lost one of his contact lenses during the first half, completed several key passes, including one for the game's only touchdown. Street's performance was a bit more spectacular because he operated under a greater strain—that of being No. 1. It was Street, we must recall, who almost singlehandedly got Texas by an Arkansas team playing its game of a lifetime in Fayetteville with a President and the whole world watching. A handsome, dapper senior with sideburns and a gabby personality, Street, who will get no closer to the pros than a 50-yard-line seat, just jabbered and ran and passed and gambled until Arkansas was beaten.

It was the same against Notre Dame. Street had already driven the Longhorns 74 and 77 yards to get back in the game, and now, behind 17-14, he was being required to do it again, flawlessly, because there was no time left for mistakes.

The Texas players say that in moments of crisis Street has a habit of haphazardly incoherently, saying things like, "It's guts up time. . . . Gotta get 'em. . . . No holdin' now. . . . No fumblin'. . . . Everybody get their man. . . . Let's gut it up. . . ." And he's apt to continue until somebody like Bob McKay, the big tackle, says, "Aw, James, shut up and call the play."

On that last drive Street hit a sideline pass to Speyrer for a big gain, but the rest of the time he faked and pitched to his strong backs, Worster, Ted Koy and Jim Bertelsen, for the usual chunks of short yardage. Worster would tear inside, sometimes smothered so deep by Notre Dame defenders that all you could



Cutting in front of a receiver, State's Dennis Onkoste intercepts one of seven Missouri passes

see was a moving heap of jerseys. But it moved enough.

There was a great big time out at the Notre Dame 20-yard line when Texas faced fourth down and two to go with only 4:26 remaining. Street went to the sideline to see Royal, and Bob Olson went to his sideline to confer with Par-seghian. Meanwhile 73,000 hearts asked for a transplant. Texas was in field-goal range, but what would a tie do? Make Penn State, which would beat Missouri, or USC, which would beat Michigan, the No. 1 team?

Royal stayed with his triple-option offense, an attack that had made Texas the second alltime rushing team in col-

lege football during the regular season. Street faked Worster into the midsection, wiggled down the line and pitched to Ted Koy, who got the two yards by an eyelash just as Bob Olson arrived.

Now three more running plays found Texas at the Notre Dame 10. It was fourth-and-two again, 2:36 to play and another time out. Street went to Royal, and Olson went to Ara. It was a reprieve for the field goal, but Royal has always said, "When you're No. 1, you've got to try to stay that way or get carried out feet first."

The whole stadium was on its feet, and the bands were blaring out a couple of fairly familiar fight songs, while

Street and Olson talked to their brains.

Street said, "How 'bout the counter option fake to the short side?"

Royal mulled it over.

Across the way, Parseghian was certain Texas would either run wide or pass. Olson was told to play the run first. It was percentages.

Out on the field now Cotton Speyrer, his back turned to the Notre Dame defense, was signaling the bench. He was dragging his thumb across his chest in the manner of a hitchhiker. The signal to Royal meant that Speyrer's defender, Clarence Ellis, was playing him tight and to the inside. It meant that Speyrer thought he could get outside on him for a quick pass.

"Left 89 Out," said Royal.

Street blinked. It was the Arkansas thing all over again, Royal calling a pass in a moment of supreme stress and James wondering, "Coach, are you sure?"

"Watch for the keep first," said Oarrell. "You might be able to fall for two yards. But if you can't, drill it to Cotton. He says he's open on the out."

Street went to the Texas huddle and said, "Awright, suck it up. This might be our last play of the season, so let's make it a good one . . . Everybody get tough. . . . Then he looked right at Cotton Speyrer and called the play.

Street took the snap, looked at the end coming up fast, stopped and threw. It was low, but Speyrer did his thing and made the catch. And three plays later, with exactly 1:08 on the clock, another urchin, Billy Dale, a 5' 10", 190-pound junior who had replaced Ted Koy, hugged a hand-off from Street and followed a couple of blocks by Worster and Tight End Randy Peschel into the end zone.

In that instant Darrell Royal won his second unanimous national championship of the 1960s and firmly took his place among the coaching elite. Urchins do accomplish wonders.

It had certainly been a properly dramatic game to close out a century and one that had a thoroughly impassioned buildup. Much of the pregame discussion centered around Notre Dame's huge tackle, Mike McCoy, who is 6' 5" and 280, and the offensive guard from Texas who would be asked to block him. The Texan was a junior named Mike Dean, a quick-smiling, blond-haired premed major who weighs only 210 pounds.

Dean played his role well, saying that

the first thing he would do would be to try and make friends with McCoy. "It's not all that bad," Dean said. "I'll only be blocking on him 90% of the time."

Of course, the idea of poor little Mike Dean trying to handle McCoy—the elephant, the nonhuman—gave Texas fans a cause beyond the contest itself. Especially after a Dallas writer quoted McCoy as saying, "I don't intend to make friends with him. Actually, I've looked at the films, and I don't see any problems."

There were those Longhorn rooters who were so fascinated with the continuing publicity about McCoy's size and strength that they could not resist going to the motel where Notre Dame was headquartered and peering at him. Two of Royal's more intense worshippers were among these. And one day one of them said, "McCoy's the biggest man I've ever seen. He makes Bob Lilly look like me."

To which the other said, "Yeah, and all I know is, my little runty-legged Mike Dean's gonna eat his tail up."

Dean played well against McCoy, getting a good deal of double-team help from Bob McKay. Dean would slice at McCoy's feet and get pieces of him. He scrapped and scrambled. At times, however, McCoy overpowered everyone and got to the ball. Texas didn't spend the afternoon running at him, although Street optioned him a few times for good gains by Worster.

"He's awfully massive and scary," said Dean later. "I got pretty tired, but so did he. Frankly, with his buildup, I thought he'd show me more football player than that. I'll tell you who the great player is, it's that Olson."

And so that battle ended in rather a standoff, much to the satisfaction and well-being of Mike Dean.

If there was a relaxed moment of humor to be shared by both squads and coaching staffs, something to force a crack in the bustling pressure, it was provided at a big luncheon the day before the kickoff by Texas Governor Preston Smith. He not only wel-

comed all of the good visitors from "Illinois," he repeatedly referred to Ara as "Coach Parseghian." Seriously.

A bit embarrassed, Royal had leaped over to Parseghian on the dais and whispered, "He went to Texas Tech." And when Ara finally appeared before the microphone he cordially thanked "Governor Schmidt," and collapsed the room in laughter.

Bowl games are essentially supposed to be fun for everybody concerned, of course, and Notre Dame's players, officials, coaches and fans seemed to enjoy all of the entertainment that was provided for them and the massive attention they received. The school's first venture into modern post-season play will probably be considered a success in everything but the final score.

That, too, might have been different if Notre Dame's opponent had been a team without a few midgets like James Street and Cotton Speyrer and Mike Dean, who can't do anything but play college football—and can't do anything but win.

END

Paterno and Burkhart disagree with the polls.



HAWAII- GO BACK TO A NEW GRASS SHACK

BY BOB OTTUM

The last tourist to see Hawaii at its very best was a traveling man named Captain James Cook, who arrived, first class, aboard the HMS Resolution in January of 1778. "They are remarkably cheerful and friendly. The country seems to be both well-wooded and watered," he wrote in his log—thereby starting what may be history's longest-running string of clichés about paradise.

If we are to believe all we hear about it, Hawaii is the green jewel of the Pacific, a heaven cooled by trade winds, the lush land of swaying palms and swaying hips. Nut-brown maidens wearing grass skirts from here on down and not much but necklaces of flowers from here on up. That old tropic moon just hanging up there, pasted against the blue-black sky. Orchids, pineapples, coconuts. Flowered sportshirts that would get you thrown out of your old home town and motherly dresses called muumuis.

Hawaii is all those things at times, true. But Hawaii also is freeways and traffic jams and homemade smog hanging low over Honolulu and empty Miller High Life cans on the beach at Waikiki. It is fenced-off holes in the ground with signs noting that a new superluxury hotel will soon rise on this spot called the Hawaii Luau or the Pacific Upapalu or something like that. One and a half million visitors in 1969, 19.8% more coming this year and a high estimate of five million by 1975. The state now has 22,275 hotel rooms, with 38,000 projected for 1970 and a \$32.5 million campaign by the major airlines to convince more people to come on out and join the crowd. A crisis is coming to the land, and if you are ever going to visit Hawaii

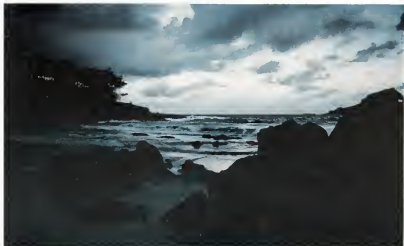
you had better do it now, say this year or next, because paradise is almost lost.

Not entirely lost. Almost. The saving thing about Hawaii is that it comes in clumps, with eight major islands. The giants of the tourist industry have been concentrating so far mostly on Oahu, slowly turning it into a sort of Las Vegas with ukuleles. Getting to the other islands is simply a matter of inevitable logistics.

In fact, you may now skip Honolulu—that is, if getting away from it all is your goal—and search elsewhere for the strum of soft guitars and lovely hula hands. Life in Honolulu, and indeed on most of Oahu has become pretty much like the inside of a bass drum, and as that noted early Hawaiian chieftain, Kamehameha, would surely have said, "A 'ohe o'u 'iki hoi-hoi" or "Who needs it?"

The way to see Hawaii, while there is still time, lies in doing what the resident Hawaiians do: get out of town. A little bit of elementary research will lead one to the inescapable conclusion that Honoluluans sneakily retreat to such places as the big island of Hawaii to kick off their sandals and relax, or to pure, gemlike little hideaways on Maui or Molokai.

Understand, this is not new or startling news: people have been doing this for years and you are not likely to discover a beach where no other foot has trod—nor are you going to drop anchor in some virgin cove and look up to see dugout canoes full of natives paddling out to offer you bananas. Tourists and tour groups have been visiting these same locations for years, and the islands that make up the Hawaiian chain are all explored. Still, tour groups have a tendency to hurry one up a bit,



Near Hana Ranch on the isle of Maui, the seascape is fine and the swimming super.

to sightsee on a look-and-run basis, and there are resorts out there which have been briefly looked at but not really discovered in the sense of time spent exploring. Better yet, some of the smaller spots in the out islands do not cater to tour groups, and it is in such places that the feeling of discovery picks up. Hawaiians tend to be adventure-conscious anyway—perhaps it is something they pump into their pineapple juice at school—and they range far and wide around the archipelago for their sport.

It is an established fact of the sport world, for example, that some of the best game fishing anywhere lies not off Oahu but off Hawaii's Kona coast, out of a scruffy little community called Kailua-Kona. It was here that a 1,100-pound Pacific blue marlin was caught in 1967 (tying the world record) and it was here that a professional fishing skipper named Bart Miller, a barefooted escapee from the Professional Golfers Association, recently broke all world records by catching 100 marlin in 10 months—the biggest one a 900-pound

continued

er, ending up with an average of 267 pounds each. He also was the first man to catch five marlin in one day, each over 200 pounds. ("The secret," says Miller, "is to catch and use live tuna for bait and not to give up. Stay out all night if you have to." The other Kailua fisherman began to call him Captain Midnight.)

And there are other excellent reasons for getting away to the out islands. Hunting is what could modestly be called sensational on the slopes of Hawaii's Hualalai Mountain—parts of which have been copied from Colorado—where pheasant, grouse, partridge and monster turkeys flush out of the brown African grass, where there are plenty of Axis deer, wild Mauna Kea sheep and where hunters practically stumble over javelinas. In fact, professional guide Eugene Ramos of Hawaii Trails will kick open the door of his Land Rover at the 8,000-foot level any day at dawn and say, "You wanted a wild goat? Maybe a trophy head for your den, say, mmm, a 23-inch spread on the horns?" The hunter will nod eagerly. "Well," Ramos will say, "look right over there."

Seiling also can be a quietly lonely pastime, which is what it should be, without tacking into a boatload of Rotsnans, almost anywhere along the Kona coast. And on Maui, waterfalls fed by rain splash down miles of rocks to form secret swimming holes of pure, shimmering, clean water—with cliffs all around for diving. Joe Daniels, who has no official title but acts as a social director of the hideaway Hotel Hana Ranch, knows where the Waioke Pools are and, with practically no nudging, conducts horseback picnics out to them.

And why should one dodge surfboards and incoming outriggers at Waikiki, for example, when surely the world's best place is the black-sand Hamoa Beach at Hana—which is claimed by Author James Michener to be the most perfect Hawaiian beach in the world? There are a lot of old-time islanders, anxious to keep it to themselves, who feel he ought to have his typewriter taken away for that one.

The key to all of this, finding the



From the air Kona Village, gathered around a sheltered lagoon on an ancient lava flow, offers a ruggedly attractive Hawaiian setting.

hideaway Hawaii, is escape, a commodity that grows more and more scarce as civilization and the hotel builders stalk the land. The idea this year should be to spend an entire day, a week if possible, without seeing one person wearing that plastic-covered name tag on his flowered shirt. You know the tag. It says something like Slapdash Tours across the top. And then: "Hi there! My name is [penciled in] Horace Trindle. What's yours?"

But one must hurry. The Kona coast of Hawaii will be the next to go, although there is still time, a year or so perhaps, to see it in its unspoiled state before it becomes hotel row on the hillsides. The hamlet of Kailua-Kona already has a parking problem, which is grimly prophetic, and the town now has its own delicatessen—which is a harbinger of bad times if there ever was one. Down at the far end of the town's main stem the Kona Hilton, which easily qualifies as one of the world's top 10 altime ugly structures, is building a new addition to pump in more people, and all the land up toward Kona Village at Kaupulehu has been seized by developers who have something like a luxurious Levittown in mind.

But there are a few holdouts against the ravaging crowd. Maui's little-known Hana Ranch, for example, is a working cattle spread first and a hotel second. It is one of the few resorts left that do not ardently solicit guests and is a place where, upon landing at the little airstrip, one is apt to be met by the manager in his own station wagon. On Molokai the rustic Hotel Molokai is in just the right state of falling apart to be comfortable and is much favored by deer hunters. The bry (73 units) Kona Village resort on Hawaii is a discovery that one will never forget, complete with thatch-roof cottages and such comforts as a wrecked 40-foot sloop on the beach which someone has thoughtfully converted into an outdoor bar.

Signal Companies, Inc., which owns Kona Village, intends to keep the place as pure as possible, spurred in part by the fact that it is one of the spots where Hawaiians themselves

go to hide out, to swim, surf, hunt and sail. Randolph Galt, who runs it all from Honolulu but finds excuses to get over there as much as possible, has installed the world's most relaxed staff to operate the village. It includes Manager Klaus Kelterborn, a onetime Austrian ski instructor who still answers the telephone by shouting, "Here iss Klaus!" and Cyrus Green, a giant of a Hawaiian who will teach you to play the ukulele, dance the hula, sing *Tiny Bubbles*, catch fish or make a *che-chi* (which is vodka, coconut syrup and pineapple juice, enough of them will make a vacationer wade out into the lagoon hunting for sharks). For extra touches not to be found at any other hideaway, the village maids put tiny fresh orchids on each guest's pillow when turning down the beds at night—and at the store there is a resident parrot named Mac who will bite any man who gets close but who coos lovingly at all women.

Across the Alenuihaha channel on Maui, Hana Ranch has surrounded itself with a tenderly groomed 18-hole pitch-and-putt course, each hole and tee marked by painted half-coconut shells, where the accepted golfing costume is bare feet and whatever else the guest feels he can get by with. "But the bar," says Assistant Manager Errol Kimura, "is our special pride. You have seen piano bars in big hotels? Or noisy cocktail lounges at resorts where you can't hear yourself think for the band and the clink of jewelry? Well, look at this."

Perfect. The Hana bar sits in the open air under an awninglike cover, it faces a lush green hillside where the drinker can contemplate the cows, who chew quietly and contemplate the drinker. And for a small extra charge, since the place is a working ranch, guests can saddle up and ride out with the Hawaiian cowboys and herd the same cows.

But life need not be all that pastoral. Any Hawaiian trip, if worked properly, can be full of capsule adventures, and there are a number of ways in which one can collect some souvenir lumps.

Hana's Hamos Beach, never mind what Michener said about its beauty,

also serves up a fine, hammering surf plus a strong undertow for the unwary. Best way to handle it is to 1) tell Jack, the lifeguard, to keep an eye on you and 2) don swim fins and use a paipo, which is a 44-inch-long bellyboard in anybody else's language. Anyone in reasonable condition can learn the fine art of bellyboarding in an hour or two, catching rides into the black sand that will leave you definitely dizzy and probably just as stoked as the ancient Hawaiians were over the same sport.

That's tama. Over at Kona Village there are real bunal caves and real skeletons and bodies to be discovered. Manager Kelterborn and his wife Helen and their dog Pamplemousse will take you out to see them (although Pamplemousse will not go in the caves; he is scared to, uh, death of them).

The bunal caves are out on the lava beds that surround Kona Village. The mountains off to one side are pockmarked with old volcano cones—and when the last one erupted in 1801, its flow ran down to the sea, leaving the small green notch where the village now lies. "So you see," says Klaus, "there really wasn't any other place to bury anybody."

The village has thoughtfully provided miners' helmets and flashlights for the visiting explorers. And sure enough, there are the bodies, in remarkable states of preservation, stretched out in the lava chambers.

And if skeletons don't do it, Kona Village can offer other new diversions that one will never find in the more plush places. The village lagoon, for some marine biological reason, attracts a gang of Manta rays in the evenings just past sundown. And since Manta rays are tame—well, they act tame—their appearance always brings a yell. "Hey, the rays are here!" and people will dash out of the dining room to go swim with them. "You simply hold onto the leading edge of their wings," says Klaus, "and they will pull you around all over the lagoon." It makes for a perfect end to a day.

While the rest of Hawaii, most of the mainland and much of the world sink slowly into the sunset of com-

continued

merce, such places prove that there are still travel, adventure and sport hideaways left if one searches them out. There is no need to rough it and camp out on the beach, you don't have to hide away that far. The idea is to simply step out of the tourist parade for a few days. There is still time to see Hawaii before the clichés close in completely. One might even get the ultimate vacation kick—like the doctor from Seattle.

This gentleman, an eminent gynecologist whose name is a household word in research circles, came to Kona Village to escape, to swim and sail. A refugee from luxury hotels and name-tagged tour groups, he went native. He let his beard grow and he lost his shoes. He put aside his pants and shirts and wrapped himself in gaily colored lavalavas. He gradually grew nut-brown. And over a mai-tai at the shipwreck bar he told what happened.

"I was just sitting out there on the beach," he said happily. "I was sort of staring out at the water and thinking about the terrible prospects of going back to work. Then along came this new arrival from the States. A real New York type. Fresh shorts from Bloomingdale's, the flowered shirt, camera around his neck, dark glasses—the whole thing. He nudged me with his toe and said, 'You fella gettum up me alla same boat to go sail in the lagoon?'"

"Imagine it! He thought I was a beachboy!" It made his whole vacation.

SAND, SURF AND NEW SWIMWEAR

Once upon a time, way back in the '60s, most swimwear was designed to mold a girl into an ideal, if not very comfortable, all-American image. Sleek and pretty on the outside, many swimsuits were full of bindings, inner construction and deceivers inside. But no more. With the start of the '70s, gone are complicated straps, molds and darts—and designers have rallied to a youthful demand for reality: What this country needs is something that is easy, free and natural.

And how they have rallied. Swim styles start the

new decade with a look and spirit keyed to the athletic and young. Tank tops (remember tank tops?) are unabashedly borrowed from the boys' basketball court—but in the new application there is unmistakably a girl inside. The happy bonus of the new style is that it can be matched or unmatched for endless variety, such as the combination worn by Cheryl Tiegs on the page opposite, who chose a top from Betsey Johnson and bikini pants from Kahala. And other active fashions reflect the needs of a nation with more time to play. Top designers have reached into the worlds of sport, coming up with jackets that look great wet or dry, pants that fit like Levi's, lightweight leathers that crinkle perfectly and new fabrics that move.

Whatever became of the bare look of a year or so ago? Look again. Swimsuits are more covered up than they have been in many seasons, yet they introduce a new era of styling semantics: girls can be as feminine, perhaps more feminine, than ever before. Starting with the cover of this issue—showing Cheryl in an Oscar de La Renta long-sleeved nylon tank suit—the look passes the test of an active Hawaiian vacation and proves that girls still resemble girls, but this year they can swim and play with ease and certainly have more fun.

—JULIE CAMPBELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL



Doing a bit of hull-raising off Kona, Hobie Alter and Cheryl race their cat for the shore.



At Waipaho Pools high-diving is for the daring, like Ann Peterson, Olympic medalist.





Hana riders Kathy Loughry and Ann reign in muscle-shirt outfits by Betsey Johnson



Beauty and the beach: Paula Warner dries off in tank-top shirt and bikini by Enka Elias

Waike's beach offers surf on the rocks for Kay Hughes in a new maillot by Bill Blass.



Musician and Kona's resident hula teacher, Cyrus Green hums to Mac, village parrot.





Champion diver Peterson—
a tank suit by Blass—so-
up some offshore sunsh



Hunting guide Eugene Ra-
mos shows off a wild bear
shot on Hualalai Mountain.

Killing in the warm Kona wind,
Paula wears Bonnie Cashin's
soft leather parka and shorts





HOW TO GET THERE...

With eight major airlines bidding for your business, getting to Hawaii presents no problems. Round-trip fares range from \$123.90 out of Los Angeles to \$428.81 from New York, and United Air Lines recently inaugurated a daily nonstop from New York—although it is a tedious 11-hour flight. United and the others also offer a package that includes island-hopping for \$5 a trip with Hawaiian or Aloha Airways. To beat the Honolulu crush, you may fly directly to Hilo on the island of Hawaii. From Hilo it is a pleasant drive around the island to Kona, or you may fly to Kailua-Kona via Aloha or Hawaiian Airways. There are a number of options for travelers but the most entertaining one is the tiny Royal Hawaiian Air Service, which flies directly to the Kona Village airstrip or Hana-Maui airstrip, near the

ranch. The chief pilot, Darwin Hammersley, spins delightful stories about Hawaiian history and points out spots of interest along the way. At Kona Village, rates range from \$55 to \$75 a day, double occupancy—including all meals. Boats, sailboats and snorkeling equipment are all free at the village, and deep sea fishing charters to the Kona coast are available for \$125 a day through skipper Jim Robinson. Hunting tours to Hualalai Mountain and other spots can be arranged through Hawaii Trails at the village, \$15 for the license, \$125 a day for the trip, success practically guaranteed. At Hana Ranch, rates range from \$65 a day to \$85 a day, double occupancy. American plan—with the barefoot golf course free and horseback riding to the Waioke Pools available at a slight extra cost.

...WHAT TO TAKE THERE

For the 1970 Hawaiian (or any) vacation look, the suit on the cover is by Oscar de La Renta for Fantasy Swimwear, made of nylon Helanca and costs \$36 at Bonwit Teller, New York, and Hutzler's, Baltimore. On page 35 Cheryl wears a cotton jersey tank top by Betsey Johnson, \$15 at Betsey, Bunky and Nini, New York. Her Hawaiian-printed bikini pants are by Kahala. The set, bikini pants and matching top, is \$19 at B. Altman, New York, and Carol and Mary, Honolulu. On the following page catamaran sailor Hobie Alter wears trunks made of tear-proof nylon by Laguna, \$8 at J.L. Hudson, Detroit. Cheryl's black wet-look nylon crê jacket has a diagonal zippered closing. It is by Oscar de La Renta for Fantasy and is \$32 at B. Altman. The Hobie Cat 14 costs \$1,195 at Coast Catamaran, Miami and San Juan Capistrano, Calif. On the same page diver Ann Peterson wears a red panne velvet tank suit by Vicki Cooper for Ulla, \$32 at Bloomingdale's, New York. Opposite horsewomen Kathy Loghry and Ann wear cotton jersey muscle shirts and matching pants by Betsey Johnson. The shirts are \$20 and pants \$24 at Betsey, Bunky and Nini. On the next

page Paula Warner wears a sparsely ribbed cotton knit tank top and stretch terry bikini pants by Erika Elias for Hang Ten. The shirt is \$6, pants \$13 at Lord & Taylor, New York. On the facing page Kay Hughes wears a V-neck, black-bordered tank suit made of stretch nylon. It comes with a jacket and is by Bill Blass, \$75 at Lord & Taylor and Shillito's, Cincinnati. On the following page Paula is wearing a water-repellent capeskin parka and black short-shorts, by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. They are \$140 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. On the same page hunting guide Eugene Ramos wears a windbreaker which rolls into a belt. Designed by Mighty-Mac, it is \$30 at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York. Facing Ann Peterson's heather and white tank suit is 75% Arnel and 25% nylon, designed by Bill Blass, \$35 at Bonwit Teller and Shillito's. On the page at left Ann's striped two-piece knitted suit features a bra top cut like a boy's shirt in back. It is made of Acrilan by Marsha Fox for Alvin Duskin and costs \$42 at Lord & Taylor. Her paipo, or mini-surfboard, is by Rick Newcombe, \$59 at Con Surfboards, Santa Monica, Calif.

END

Sinding into the sea, Ann displays a knit suit by Marsha Fox for the Hamoa surf scene.

IT'S T.V. GAME TIME!
PLAY BID!

HI! I'M THE JOLLY GREEN CLIENT
AND I'M IN A LATHER TO
SHAVE THOSE N.B.C. GUYS
DOWN TO SIZE! YOU BOYS
LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE
SOME OF THIS LONG GREEN!

WE'LL CREAM 'EM
LIKE ALWAYS
THIRD RANKER
RINKY DINK TEAM

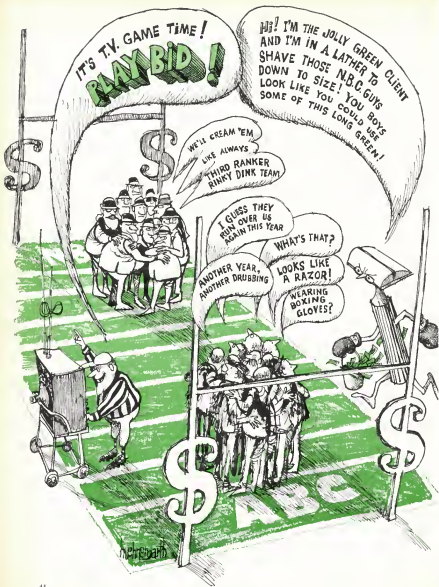
I GUESS THEY
RUN OVER US
AGAIN THIS YEAR

WHAT'S THAT?

ANOTHER YEAR,
ANOTHER DRUBBING

LOOKS LIKE
A RAZOR!

WEARING
BOXING
GLOVES?



ADVENTURES OF SUPERSPY!

Or how the networks scheme, plot and concoct in the best espionage tradition as they try to do in their brothers at the bidding table and bring home to their viewers the sporting bacon **By WILLIAM JOHNSON**

The most stimulating TV game of them all is not a proper spectator sport, for it is fraught with cutpurse morality, unfair play and general dirty-pool derring-do. Such a game shown publicly could warp the moral fiber and soil the security blanket of Super Spectator since he presumably still embraces a cherry-pie belief in American sportsmanship and all-round aboveboardness.

No, the biggest television game is played for keeps in locked executive suites, in dim and very expensive restaurants, on the jump seats of leased Cadillac limousines, with secret recording devices and confidential reports and the planting of damaging information in sensitive places. The object of the game is for one television network to win, wangle, wrest or somehow wrinkle away from its competitors the rights to televise certain events. Often this can be accomplished through the unvarnished tactic of bidding a lot more money than anyone else. Yet the possibilities for intrigue and originality are endless and irresistible. As Carl Lindemann

Jr., vice-president of NBC Sports, says, "This can be a very dirty business." In hot pursuit of games to buy for their networks, the bosses of TV sport—friendly, plain, open-faced, guy-next-door pals though they seem to be in everyday life—are at times transformed into doers of exceedingly sly deeds. And one suspects, since no kind of evil worthy of hue and cry is involved and since the public gets its sport just fine on one network or another, that the opportunity to one-up a foe is part of the pleasure of TV's little family game. In any event, it is a game in which it pays to keep your eyes open.

Consider an afternoon in 1966 when CBS Sports Director Jack Dolph glanced idly out of his office window in the CBS skyscraper and gazed, as he often did "to rest my weary, weary eyes," across the narrow canyon of 53rd Street into an office of the ABC skyscraper—an office occupied by one unsuspecting Barry Frank, Director of Sports Planning for ABC. There, to Dolph's amazement and

profound curiosity, he saw sitting at Frank's tweedy elbow one Martin Carmichael, the television representative for the Professional Golfers' Association. Now this might not have piqued Dolph's curiosity or offended his sense of fair play quite so much had it not been true that only hours earlier CBS had made an offer to Marty Carmichael to buy the rights to the PGA tour. As Jack Dolph stared between the skyscrapers—no longer idly—he found that though he could not read lips he had a very clear idea of what was being said. "I'm afraid old Marty was over there shopping our bid," says Dolph. "He spilled our offer and figured ABC would top us by a few bucks, and I suppose old Barry was encouraging that to its fullest extent." Later that same afternoon CBS arranged a confrontation with Carmichael. "Needless to say," recalls Dolph, "Marty was embarrassed and contrite. But ABC got the tournaments, and I believe Barry Frank's office was moved to the other side of the building."

continued



Occasionally, plain misunderstandings can send the best-laid network plans astray. In the scramble for rights to the 1968 Winter Olympics at Grenoble, NBC made a lavish presentation of its sport programming to the French committee. In slide and still photo and film and song the network boasted about the glory of its productions: the World Series, the Orange Bowl, the Rose Bowl, the Super Bowl. When it was all over, the French awarded the rights to ABC. The disappointed NBC group left, and a puzzled Frenchman from the committee tugged at the sleeve of an ABC man and said with genuine bewilderment, "I thought NBC's talk was all right but, please, can you tell me why they keep boasting of their 'Bowl Games.' I thought that showed questionable taste."

The complexities in negotiating for an enormous event like the Olympics can be maddening indeed. During dealings for rights to the 1968 Games in Mexico City, scarcely a day went by without one network executive or another picking up his phone and hearing a low Spanish inflection in his ear: "Señor, I can deliver the Olympics television for you." Many of these calls, it was assumed, came from phone booths in Grand Central Station or Brooklyn candy stores and lacked any mark of officialdom. But no one knew for sure who would be the real influential force on the Mexican committee, so nearly every contact had to

be taken seriously. At one point NBC hired an "investigative reporter" (euphemism for you know what) to nose out background information and look for enemy operatives.

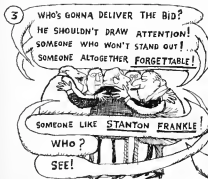
The NBC man learned almost immediately, to his network's dismay, that ABC had long since established a beachhead: 18 months before serious negotiations began ABC had dispatched to Mexico one James C. Hagerty, an ABC vice-president, a former press secretary to Dwight Eisenhower and a warm acquaintance of Adolfo López Mateos, who had been one of Mexico's most popular presidents. Hagerty quickly reestablished his Eisenhower-era rapport with Mateos, and soon other ABC agents were forging strong relationships with various members of the Mexican committee. All this sad news was reported to headquarters by NBC's man, and by the time Carl Lindemann arrived in Mexico City, "I knew our case was hopeless. The things that went on in those negotiations, believe me, were not in the tradition of the Olympic Games."

NBC eventually bid \$2.2 million and CBS did not bid at all. But ABC came in with a thundering offer miles above its competition: \$4.5 million. Whatever rapport ABC's Good Neighbor teammates had established, it did not seem to save the network any money.

Among other things that NBC's man had picked up were rumblings that a Maserati sports car had somehow changed ownership in ABC's dealings with a

member of the Olympic Committee. This was never proved. In fact, NBC's people did not even trouble to spread such talk beyond their own bailiwick. Thus, it is worthy of note that in a general discussion with ABC's Roone Arledge about the ethics of negotiation, the subject was again brought up. Let it be made clear that in this particular conversation no specific mention was made of the 1968 Olympics, of Mexico, of Mexicans or of Maserati-made automobiles. Arledge was simply asked a broad question about whether or not he had ever offered gifts of money or other where-withal to gain favor from men who held control of the rights to any events. With his brow knit in a quizzical frown, he replied hesitantly: "Well, do you mean have I ever given something like—oh, say—a \$15,000 Maserati to gain an advantage for something like—oh, say—an Olympics?" And he went on to add, very seriously, "No, no, I haven't. But, of course, if it would save a million bucks or so I suppose I would." His example was an enormous coincidence. What else could one conclude?

Hypothetical Maseratis notwithstanding, the idea of including gifts, favors or cold cash in exchange for an advantage in negotiating for events is by no means anathema to TV sport executives (nor, in truth, is it particularly distasteful to corporate captains from almost any corner of American industry). Whether CBS's onetime president, James Aubrey, did or did not pay \$50,000 to



The 1960 proceedings to get the NCAA football package were a marvel of skulduggery, and the episode has come to be celebrated as *The Affair of the Man in the Corner*, or *How NBC and the NCAA Faced No-Face Television rights to college football* were up for bidding that year, and, as was the common thing then, offers were to be made through sealed, secret bids. This practice has since been discontinued in nearly all sport negotiation in favor of option clauses and a more gentlemanly, civilized and less dramatic method of openly discussing new terms together. The NCAA football package was one of TV's true prizes, and NBC had held the rights since 1956. A cozy relationship had arisen between the network and the NCAA, and it was rather common

ABC had the invaluable element of surprise going for it because no one suspected it was about to come leaping out of the weeds. It was vital to ABC that nobody find out, for the network's master plotters—Ed Scherick and Tom Moore, then the programming boss—

Every precaution was taken at ABC to avoid a leak or a misstep of any kind. To be certain that everyone would *legally* believe ABC actually had the money to make the bid, its lawyers came up with an antiquated legal move called "affixing of the seal." Scherck

doi:10.1017/S0022292412001511



recalls, "It was like the Magna Charta—attested with wax and stamp or something. I think—to prove we were good for the money. And we were so secretive about it that we didn't even let a secretary type the letter. A producer did it. We left a blank where the amount would be until the morning of the bidding."

There remained the major tactical problem of how to get the bid into the Manhattan Hotel and on the desk of NCAA officials without someone from NBC or the NCAA or the press noticing the lurking presence of ABC and sounding the alarm to Gallery. "If Tom Moore or I had gone within five blocks of the lobby," Scherick says, "the word would have spread in a flash. So our decision was to find someone unknown, someone innocuous, someone practically faceless to sort of insinuate himself into that suite without being seen. And we had somebody. Stanton Frankie. Frankie was a cost control administrator. We knew if anyone could melt into wallpaper, Stan was the man." Frankie is a tall, thin, balking fellow with the forgettable appearance of a Midwestern depot agent. At first, a masquerade was considered for Frankie—the old put-him-in-a-tuxedo-and-send-him-in-with-a-pitcher-of-water-as-if-he-were-a-waiter trick. That was discarded in favor of a plain business suit, because, as Scherick says, "We did not want to do anything dishonest, immoral or overtly misleading. We had to be clean as a hound's

tooth in this caper." Scherick gave Frankie his instructions. At 11:45 a.m., a Carey limousine would pick Frankie up at the office entrance and take him to the Manhattan Hotel, where he would proceed directly to the NCAA suite. There, Frankie would find several men in the room and some chairs. He would drift quietly toward a corner in the back of the room, preferably snuggling into the drapes at that point and, ever so quietly, he would wait. "I told Stan that if anyone asked who he is, he should tell the truth," recalls Scherick. "I said, 'You will see a man there who is obese, balding, with a fringe of black hair. That is Tom Gallery. He is your enemy, and the longer you stay hidden from him, the better chance we have of winning our just rewards.' Then we shook hands. We were very emotional about the whole thing—as if Stan were Sergeant York about to infiltrate the enemy lines."

As in true high-style espionage, the ABC command also dispatched on the heels of Stanton Frankie a second Carey limousine with a second ABC man carrying a second sealed envelope. Scherick told the backup agent: "If you see Stanton hit by a cab or run over by a bus or knocked down by a bicycle or involved in an accident of any kind, let him lie. Do not touch him. Do not stop. Do not even slow down. Go to the Manhattan Hotel and do the deed."

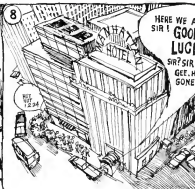
Moments before Frankie was to leave the ABC office the blank space in the bid letter was filled in for \$6,251,114

("I thought the small change added personality," says Scherick). The figure would hardly overwhelm NBC's high bid but ABC was confident it would beat NBC's low bid, and anyhow it was all the money ABC felt it could put up.

When Stanton Frankie reached the Manhattan Hotel, he entered the NCAA suite and saw Tom Gallery in a chair up front. Yes, it looked like he had two envelopes. Frankie sidled toward the drapes, passing numerous men he did not know, and stood inconspicuously in the back of the room. In a few minutes Asa Bushnell, TV program director of the NCAA, announced from his seat at a table at the head of the room that all bids should now be brought forward and presented.

True to ABC briefing officers' predictions, Gallery looked around, glanced at his envelopes, then checked the room once more. No one moved. At last Gallery rose and put an envelope on the table—presumably his lower bid. And now Stanton Frankie stepped forward to introduce himself and present ABC's bid. Astonishment reigned, along with ashen faces and barely concealed rage. But the bids were opened, and ABC was the proud possessor of NCAA football for 1960-61. The margin of victory over NBC was \$1,051,114. The NCAA was not overjoyed, but it had no choice. "That was the beginning of the big sports breakthrough for ABC," recalls Tom Moore.

College football spent two years on



ABC, two on CBS, two on NBC and then returned to ABC in 1966. In the interim, however, pro football rose to new peaks and the men of the NCAA were becoming increasingly sensitive on the subject. In 1965 there was deep suspicion that the NCAA curiously rejected renewal of an NBC contract simply because that network had taken up with the AFL. That year, strangely, even though NBC had fully expected to continue its NCAA association, there was no open bidding at all, no negotiating and no serious talks between the NCAA and NBC over contract renewals. Suddenly NBC received a terse two-line telegram from the NCAA announcing that the college football package would henceforth be televised by ABC.

"We were *apoplectic*," says NBC's Lindemann. "Legally they didn't have to give us a shot at it, but morally they sure had an obligation." Lindemann fired off a telegram of outrage to Asa Bushnell in which he attacked the NCAA for its "shoddy treatment" and for ignoring "any spirit of fairness" by not telling NBC that its AFL affiliation had disqualified it from bidding for NCAA rights. In parting, Lindemann accused the NCAA leadership of being "a discredit to amateur athletics" and of showing "exceedingly poor business judgment." He released the whole seething missive to the press.

But all that was just stomping on sour grapes. ABC had college football for four years, and NBC was left with its

spent wrath and the AFL. Time passes, the world turns. Now it is 1970, and how has everyone fared in the interim? Prized though the NCAA package was, ABC had trouble selling advertising around it during the 1968 season and network executives let it be known that they took a \$1.8 million bath for the year. The NCAA, through its doughty executive director, Walter Byers, let it be known in turn that it did not believe a word of this. In the spring of 1969 renegotiation began on a contract for the 1970 and '71 seasons. ABC had an option to renew, but a clause stated that if the network and the NCAA could not agree on terms after 45 days, the NCAA's television committee would lay down a final set of specific conditions. Then if ABC did not meet those terms, the NCAA could offer the TV rights to college football to any other network that was willing to meet the precise terms offered ABC.

Considering its proclaimed 1968 losses, ABC was not interested in going much above \$11 million a year in its renewal. The NCAA asked \$13 million. ABC might have agreed to that figure if the NCAA had shown some interest in one of television's most tempting dreams: a college championship playoff tournament between the nation's best teams. As it has for years, the NCAA squelched the idea. Bargaining between the parties remained deadlocked. Weeks passed and the deadline for renewal was nearing when Roone Arledge suddenly announced that ABC had bought a piece

of pro football with a Monday-night package in 1970.

How would the supersensitive NCAA react to sharing a network with the pros? Wouldn't this be construed as heresy? Already there had been reports that the NCAA's 13-member TV committee had come within a field goal of passing a motion that would disallow any network from having college football if it also had pro football. The NCAA's Walter Byers primly denied such stories. "We have lived with pro ball in the past. We see no reason to panic now. We would never think of asking that a clause be inserted in our television contract forbidding the network from carrying pro games. Whoever thought up that idea ought to go back to the think tank."

The deadline was crushing in on ABC and there was no agreement in sight. The NCAA was adamant in its demands, and the two parties still were \$1 million a year apart. Now there occurred one of those grand, strategic tiltings of terrain that make it so hard to keep track of TV-sport alliances. As with most dealings of this nature, the shiftings were born in expedience and bred in a desire for profits, but even with that the relationship was startling. NBC—which had been summarily excommunicated a mere four years earlier—was now palsy-walsy again with the NCAA. Yes, that amazing group of guys at the NCAA had, it appeared, lifted their censure. By-gones were to be by-gones. Forgiveness was in the air. Well aware of the NCAA's

continued



instinctive, if unofficial, distaste for sharing a network with pro football, NBC executives sensed that perhaps the time was ripe to repent, cast away their association with the AFL and offer themselves, newly cleansed, for NCAA absorption. Their initial contacts with the NCAA were met with warmth, and soon NBC was taking a profound interest in the conditions that the NCAA would demand of ABC once the 45-day deadline had expired.

Since it was commonly believed that Roone Arledge would not pay more than \$11 million a year and since his network was already locked into a pro football contract for 1970 (which NBC was not), it would have been greatly to NBC's advantage if the NCAA's negotiators included two particular conditions in their final terms. 1) a clause proscribing any network from carrying both college and pro football games, and 2) a clause demanding a mildly exorbitant amount of money—say, \$12 million or more a year. Given those conditions, ABC would fall by the wayside, NBC would renounce the AFL, put up the ransom money as demanded and, having met all requirements, would live forever after in benign bliss with Walter Byers and smug-pure amateur sport.

A lovely dream. The powers of the NCAA did indeed set a \$12 million figure for the contract, but they could not find it in themselves to write in a clause outlawing pro football—their lawyers were nervous about restraint of trade

and all that. This came as a cruel blow to the anxious sutors at NBC when, at a very private meeting in early June, they were shown the final terms of the demands to ABC. Deeply saddened, an NBC man groined to Walter Byers, "My God, Walter, they're going to accept this." To which Walter Byers replied confidently "No, they won't."

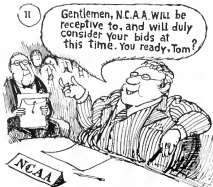
While the NCAA-ABC negotiations were in limbo, Walter Byers had made this comment in reply to a question: "Based on my recent experiences in connection with the negotiations for the 1970-71 telecasts, I would say that college football is one of the most desirable single sports packages in American television. Indications now are that our return from the football package will be higher than it has been for the last two years. We will receive more money because we are being offered more, not because we are putting a gun at someone's head."

When the NCAA letter of terms and conditions arrived at ABC, Roone Arledge was predictably appalled at the amount of money demanded. The NCAA had not put a gun to his head, but a cannon. Soon word spread to key owners of the network's affiliated stations that Arledge had decided he could not go much above \$11 million to get college football, that the package would be lost. But some affiliates had been less than delighted by ABC's Monday-night pro football deal, and now they insisted that the network stick with college foot-

ball on Saturdays—or else. It took some desperate wheeling and dealing, but eventually Arledge managed an almost unprecedented arrangement with the stations: they would agree to cut back their compensations (paid by a network to stations for running network programming) on NCAA telecasts. Then the network would have a chance to break even at \$12 million. With that done, ABC accepted the NCAA terms, NBC was done in again.

Quite coincidentally, while these NCAA negotiations were under way, Roone Arledge sat down one night in a hotel suite in Houston and inked a perceptive analysis of what his world was coming to:

"It's no fun anymore. The negotiations are so damned sensitive, so damned bitter. It seems everybody's out for the jugular vein. It's gotten so the biggest status symbol in sport is how high your TV dollar is. It doesn't matter how good the event itself is, or how it is presented, just so long as TV paid top dollar for the show. Statesmen don't exist in sports. The guys who represent amateur associations or committees want nothing so much as to go back to the boys at home and make a speech saying, 'Hey, fellas, look how we held up TV this time. Look at all the money we brought home with us.' Sure, I suppose it's a lot easier to make a speech like that than to stand up and explain that they got a few bucks less, but that they also got fewer commercials in the games. It is eas-



lier to explain a big buck than to say you won a point of principle, I guess."

There is some truth in what Arledge says, for there are times when the game does seem secondary to the receipts. Perhaps there are circumstances when the very conjunction of pure sport and corporate profit is anathema, an untenable mixture in which one is doomed to failure—or distortion—by its very contact with the other.

But there is also more than a modicum of media self-serving in Arledge's feelings, for TV executives do dearly love to blame the rising cost of TV sport on administrators and entrepreneurs who sell the rights at astronomical rates, rather than on themselves for willingly paying absurd prices. The environment in which inflation thrives has been created in large part by the networks. Because they are barred—understandably—by antitrust laws from cooperative inter-network discussions or manipulation about the price of rights to specific events, network sport executives resort to a very expensive form of blindman's buff in order to grope to some ground on which to base a bid. This, plus an instinctive distrust of their competitors, has led to some extremely high bids. Last year the total network investment in sports events was \$150 million. And only ABC, of the major networks, even claims to make a profit on sport.

The others speak reverently of public service and are more or less reduced to buying and programming sport simply

to maintain "prestige." One irony of this is that such "prestige" is primarily an insider's currency, valuable largely within a smattering of people—the lords of Madison Avenue, affiliated station owners, sponsors, very large stockholders and various stars in the network presidential galaxy. You can bet your seat that not 5% of viewers can tell you which network carries which programs, be it Cronkite, Disney or Super Bowl.

The ranking seeker of prestige today is ABC. Under Arledge, ABC has recently proved to be as shrewd and tough as they come at TV's great game. Though he is pink and portly and very personable, and though he once won prizes for production of a bit of electronic fudge called *Hi Mom*, do not be misled by Roone Arledge. He lives by the motto of his mentor, Tom Moore: Anything goes in television sport.

"Roone is a nice guy, but he can be so cunning," says CBS's Bill MacPhail. "We all go to each other's events. I go to the Series, Carl goes to the Derby, Roone goes to the Masters, but Arledge doesn't have a sense of propriety sometimes. I mean, he's at the Derby and I look up and what do I see? Arledge having lunch with Watten Knebelkamp, the president of Churchill Downs. For all I know, Roone is trying to steal the Kentucky Derby from me right before my eyes!"

Well, it is probable that Roone is trying to steal the Derby, or at least borrow it for a while, for, as he says, "If

we want an event, we go after it with all we have. We romanced the hell out of the Rose Bowl people, we had Lathrop Leishman [Rose Bowl chairman] out playing golf with Byron Nelson. We gave him the works, but he wouldn't leave NBC."

ABC is openly wooing the Orange Bowl (so far to no avail), and it won the Sugar Bowl and the East-West Game away from NBC. For years ABC has tried to convince canny Cliff Roberts that he is being underpaid by CBS for the Masters—that ABC would offer more. But traditionalist Roberts remains a CBS fancier, partly because Masters officials have no interest in increasing the tournament's income.

Another major event that has sold rights for less than it could get is the U.S. Open, which is on ABC. Arledge speaks with grand affection of the U.S. Open: "The USGA said it would keep the price for the Open the same as it had been if we promised to cut the number of commercials in the telecast. We did, and everybody benefited, especially a few million golf fans. That is the kind of statesmanship I wish there were more of in sport."

There is statesmanship and there is salesmanship and there is brinkmanship. One of Arledge's favorite tactics has come to be known as "the ABC closer." It is an artless device, but only men with strong, steady heartbeats should try it. As a competitor explains it: "They throw out a figure—probably somewhat

continued

13 BUT NOW—THE DRAPES PART AND THE MAN FROM ABC MAKES HIS MOVE !!!

FRANKLE RUSHES FORWARD



14 ITS STRATEGY SUCCESSFUL. ABC FINDS ITSELF THE WINNER OF THE 1960 NCAA FOOTBALL TV. "BID BOWL"



larger than expected. Then they say the offer will be withdrawn if not accepted within 24 hours."

There is no better example of the tension, intrigue and burlar's courage required in a summit negotiation involving Arledge and ABC than the story of how the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich—a juicy plum for any network—came to rest in ABC's fruit basket.

As is common in these things, negotiations opened surprisingly early—in March 1968 months before the Mexican Games even began. "I made the Germans a bid of \$6.5 million for rights," says Arledge. "I thought it might be too much, but I didn't want to wake up and see in the morning paper that NBC had just landed the '72 Games." To be certain there would be no misunderstanding, Arledge flew to Munich himself with his bid and presented it to Herbert Kunze, secretary general of the Organizing Committee for the 1972 Olympic Games. Anxiously Arledge watched for Kunze's reaction to the offer. The German was silent for a moment, then looked up with deep sadness in his eyes. "Is that your whole offer?" he asked.

Puzzled, Arledge replied, "Yes, Herr Kunze, that is my whole offer. Why do you ask me that?"

"I am very disappointed," answered Herr Kunze. "Most disappointed."

"Then please tell me what you're thinking of," Arledge said.

"We were thinking of \$30 million," Kunze answered. Arledge gulped and said in a strangled voice, "I, well, I don't know how to answer you, Herr Kunze. I have been in these negotiations dozens of times, and never have I been off by \$23 million."

The \$30 million was, of course, a mad preliminary feat on the part of the Germans. The asking price skidded down rather rapidly to \$20 million, then \$16 million. NBC was active in the bidding, too, and in January of 1969 Carl Lindemann flew to Germany and met with Dr. Klaus von Lindener, a lawyer on the Munich committee. NBC had opened at \$9.5 million and upped its ante to \$11 million with a promise that there would definitely be more—even though a 26-page NBC accounting report indicated that the break-even point came at around \$10 million.

ABC countered by slowly upping its ante, for top network brass had come

to an epic decision—ABC would junk 47 hours of its prime-time programming and replace it with Olympic extravaganzas. (At one point Chuck Howard, ABC vice-president of program production, was reminded that television of the national political conventions of 1972 might conflict with ABC's August schedule for the Olympics, and Howard boldly replied, "I think the political conventions might do well to schedule their business so it doesn't run head to head against the Olympics.")

As matters remained unresolved, Arledge considered letting fly with the ABC closer, then decided against it. "We just didn't dare chance a take-it-or-leave-it situation. NBC was breathing too close, and we figured they might top us." The U.S. Olympic Committee had written a glowing letter to the Munich group about ABC's work at the 1968 Olympics, but NBC had neutralized that somewhat by planting stories in German trade papers and financial magazines about ABC's financial position. "We kept saying—very pointedly—that we never had trouble paying our bills," says Lindemann.

Eventually, ABC-TV President Elton Rule arrived in Munich, too, for the final showdown. The pressure was on Arledge and ABC, and a series of meetings began with the German committee in surroundings packed with all the trappings of the Treaty of Versailles—an enormous, long, polished table, sheets of foolscap, water carafes, assistants, aides-de-camp and interpreters. "It was like a Geneva conference," says Arledge. "I felt like Henry Cabot Lodge."

Slowly, negotiations progressed until at last the timing seemed ripe for a final confrontation. "We were only \$200,000 apart, as I recall," says Arledge, "but we knew that if we ever left the room without an agreement they'd go straight to NBC. We were prepared in that event, we had a fat scrapbook full of rave reviews of our coverage at Mexico City, plus a batch of the reviews about NBC's coverage of the '64 Games in Japan that was very unimpressive. But we wanted to avoid that and finish it up on this one night if we could."

The ABC team had just begun to probe cautiously, trying to tiptoe up to a point where it could make a last irrevocable offer. The Germans were wary, but obviously interested. The air, as they say,

was fraught with promise when, without warning, Dr. H. C. Rudolf Eberhard, a man whose powerful influence had come to be more and more apparent, suddenly began stuffing papers into his briefcase. Then he briskly pushed his chair back from the table, rose, clapped his hat upon his head and said, "Good night, I must catch my train home."

Arledge stammered, "Herr Doctor—catch your train? You're going home on your train? Now? This is the biggest TV sports negotiation in history, and you say it's time to catch your train home?" The good doctor said that Herr Arledge was absolutely right about that, and, after a brief stiff bow to the men at the table, he vanished out the door, not to return.

Unnerved, Arledge and his colleagues cast anxious glances at each other, debated briefly in whispers and negotiated on for a while. It was a waste of time. After a game try, ABC sank to its knees in total surrender. "We gave them the whole bag—all of it," says Arledge. "We thought of hanging on to save a few bucks, but then we just gave them everything they asked."

ABC had flung \$13.5 million on the Munich table that night—\$7.5 million for rights and \$6 million to use German facilities. "We found out," says Arledge, "that we were lucky we did give them all they wanted. They told me later they would definitely have gone to NBC if we hadn't settled that night. They said that once Herr Eberhard left to catch his train, they were stuck. They couldn't have taken a nickel less than they did because he would have second-guessed them to death."

That culminated TV sport's most magnificent deal, involving as it did an unprecedented schedule of satellite use, an astonishing commitment of prime time and an eventual expenditure of nearly \$20 million when ABC's own production costs are heaped atop the \$13.5 million already committed.

Ah, but it's only money and, as Roone Arledge says, "If I'm going to blow a lot of it, I'd rather do it on the Olympic Games than the Bluebonnet Bowl." He has.

Next Week

How Heild became a sport celebrity, season behind mike and camera, and what happens in St. Joe when NBC does its bit.



MILLER MAKES IT RIGHT!

• Hearty,
robust,

deep-down good!

So make your move to Miller . . .
The Champagne of Beers.

The almost perfect car.



We've been trying to build the perfect car for more than 51 years.

From the first, we knew it was impossible. But we kept trying in spite of that. Or, maybe, because of that.

And we've come close.

We challenge you to drive a Porsche 911 and then try to put it out of your mind.

It has everything a great car should have. Including a powerful air-cooled engine, overhead cam, 4-wheel disc brakes, independent suspension, rack and pinion steering, unitized body and synchromesh gearbox.

But more important, we've made everything work together with such incredible harmony

that no one part overshadows another.

The car responds so instantly and so accurately that it almost seems a part of the driver.

But, of course, it's still not perfect.

You might say it's only human.

PORSCHE®

Festival of hula and hoops

With Ah Chew Goo leading the fast break to fun, only the basketball suffers in Hawaii's sunny Rainbow Classic by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

If a man can tear himself away from the coconut and palm atmosphere, the rolling sands, the dazzling surf, the grass skirts, the grass shacks, beverages accurately described as Polynesian paralytic and those odysseys to out island hideaways; if, in short, he can keep from blowing his sun-drenched mind while those around him are scoring theirs, he can play basketball in Hawaii. Well, maybe he can.

These are just some of the distractions college coaches contend with each December when they bring their exuberant troops into Honolulu for that low- and luau-laden fun king of Christmas tournaments, the Rainbow Classic.

That the Classic is as much a festival of hula as it is of hoops was abundantly evident last week when all of the favorites—teams like LSU, St. John's, Drake and Iowa—basked around having fun and letting their noses peel, while lightly regarded Yale from somewhere off in the land of snow showed them how to adapt to the surroundings. The Elis beat their heads with ivy branches and walked off with the tournament championship.

The victory had little meaning unless it was to demonstrate to a world generally unaware that Yale even has a basketball team that Yale also has one of the most talented little guards extant in Jim Morgan. But, Yale aside, events last week only confirmed the suspicion that Red Rocha, the coach of the University of Hawaii and founding father of the Rainbow Classic, has a gem of an event whose only drawback seems to be that, due to its location, the results never appear in the nation's press until it is almost time for Easter.

Rocha, the old Syracuse Nut who used to lead the NBA in lobby sitting, started the Rainbow Classic in 1964, one year after he returned to coach in his native Hawaii. He had grown up in Hilo and had played a year at the university before the Japanese red-shirted him in December 1941. Later Rocha was a star for three seasons at Oregon State but, during his tenure there and in the pros, the joke was that he never would buy an overcoat, figuring someday to return home.

His first tournament, featuring two service teams that played with the grace and finesse of machete instructors, was to be called the Pineapple Classic—un-

til the pineapple people refused to finance it. To save money, visiting teams were housed in naval barracks at Pearl Harbor, and losing teams had to play there in an old airplane hangar because rental rates at the Honolulu International Center were on a day-night basis.

Chaos was moving along nicely enough in the inaugural game when, with three seconds left and Utah State leading a military outfit by two points, Aggie Steve Roth took a rebound and was attacked by three marines. Roth staggered up, blood spouting from his mouth, and was promptly called for traveling—after which the marines tied the game and won in overtime. Infuriated, State Coach LaDell Andersen asked the referee for verification of the call and was obliged when a fat Hawaiian came up from behind, tapped him on the shoulder and nailed him with a punch that dropped Andersen cold in the center circle. The mystery man turned out to be Jimmy Iona, commissioner of officials in the islands and father-in-law of the referee. Andersen did not press charges.

Though visitors consistently are appalled at the local refereeing—especially the rapidity of three-second calls (one man explained this was due to the difference in time zones)—the tournament has been running more smoothly and making money every year since. Mainland teams are now given a guarantee: they stay in splendid Waikiki hotels, are furnished transportation and sightseeing trips and generally are handled with the finest of care (including a sumptuous Christmas banquet) by the hospitality chairman, that old bull-handling wizard of the islands, Ah Chew Goo.

The long trip still can be a losing proposition, but most teams schedule other games on the West Coast to cut their losses. And a trip to Hawaii is always good to throw into a recruiting speech. "We don't invite anybody to this tournament," says Rocha. "It's a matter of refusing requests."

The field has also shown vast improvement. Two years ago the Rainbow Classic had two of the NCAA semifinals (Houston and Ohio State) and last year, one finalist (Purdue). This season Rocha brought in Pete Maravich, Mr. Showtime himself, whose alluring talents were responsible for three sellout nights. The Pistol put on one of his extravaganzas in the semifinals when he scored 40 points in the second half (for a total of 53) to turn the game around and enable his LSU team to defeat St. John's. But the next evening, the Tigers took Yale for granted and suffered for it, as Morgan outscored Maravich 35-34 and Yale won 97-94.

After this the tournament queen, Christine Fuge, kissed everybody, Ah Chew Goo passed out pineapples to everybody and Red Rocha counted his blessings. The Rainbow Classic had been run beautifully. Nobody got punched out either.

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

MIDEAST The state of Mississippi has made news with its cotton, the Klan, Miss Amateurs, freedom marches and football teams, but never with basketball. Last week, Ole Miss and Mississippi State nearly turned that reputation and the Southeastern Conference right around. Playing at Kentucky, the Rebs, who have not beaten the Wildcats since 1928, led at halftime 45-38. Coach Cob Jarvis' players had outshot Kentucky 67% to 37%, outrebounded it 21-18 and outthudded it with a rugged zone defense. Early in the second period Mississippi twice moved to nine-point leads before the Wildcats' trap zone began to work. Kentucky then went on spurts of 17-3 and 28-8 to run the Rebels 95-73.

Tennessee, the Wildcats' toughest chal-

lenge

lenger in the SEC, took on Mississippi State in Knoxville and also trailed at the half 36-30. There were only six minutes to play when the Vols' Jimmy England hit a corner shot to put his team ahead for good on the way to a 58-56 victory.

Night-owling by Purdue's Larry Weatherford and William Franklin may end up costing their team the Big Ten title. The pair were nabbed beaking curfew and suspended by Coach George King for one game. It turned out to be the league opener against Iowa, and Purdue, despite 53 points by Rick Mount, lost 94-88. Johnny Johnson and Fred Brown scored 28 and 26 for the Hawkeyes. Purdue's chief rivals, Ohio State and Illinois, won their first games. The Buckeyes, the hottest shooting team in the country from both the field and the foul line, hit on 33 of 62 shots in defeating Minnesota 78-71. The Illini made nine of 10 free throws in the final 65 seconds to outlast Wisconsin 74-69.

Highly favored Ohio started its Mid-America Conference season with a 78-52 victory over Kent State. Craig Love topped the scoring with 20 points. South Carolina won the Sugar Bowl Classic in New Orleans, defeating New Mexico 85-62 and Notre Dame in overtime 64-83.

1. KENTUCKY (9-0) 2. OHIO U. (8-1)

MIDWEST

Last spring Big Eight coaches unanimously backed a new policy calling for strict enforcement of bench behavior rules. By the end of the conference tournament last week, most of them wanted their ballots back. Officials called 14 technical fouls in 12 games, most of them on the coaches for standing while the clock was running. Two of the technicals came in the final game when Colorado Assistant Coach Chuck Gardner and headman Sox Walselt were nailed one right after the other. The fouls resulted in two free throws for Oklahoma's Scott Martin, who made them both and helped the surprising Sooners win 73-72. Last in both tournament and conference races last season, Oklahoma is throwing this year on the strong rebounding of Garfield Heard and Cliff Ray, who pulled down 71 between them in the tourney. Ray's jumper with 2:15 to play put the Sooners ahead to stay in the title game, while Heard's 22 points earned him the most valuable player award. He also scored 24 in a 72-67 semifinal win over Kansas State.

Baylor, which earlier had knocked off undefeated New Mexico State, turned up a spoiler again. This time the Bears trapped unbeaten Wyoming at Waco and came away with an 86-79 victory. With regular Pat Fees bedridden by the flu, Tom Friedman moved

up to the starting five and scored 22 points, including 12 of Baylor's 26 free throws.

As startling as the Oklahoma and Baylor performances was that of Niagara. The Purple Eagles, who won only half their games during Calvin Murphy's first two seasons, ran their record to 10-0 in the All-College Tournament at Oklahoma City. Not unexpectedly, Murphy led the way. In an opening-round 69-68 upset of Tennessee, he drilled in a 15-foot jumper with two seconds left on the clock. Then he scored 22 points in the finals even though foul trouble forced him to sit out 18 minutes in the 87-75 victory over Oklahoma City.

Bradley and North Texas State opened their Missouri Valley schedules with rare road wins. The Braves came out on top at Wichita 89-80, and the Eagles triumphed at Memphis State 86-77. The league's best teams, Louisville and Drake, won their openers at home, 84-67 over Tulsa and 80-78 over St. Louis.

1. HOUSTON (11-0) 2. OKLAHOMA (10-1)

WEST

Oregon Coach Steve Belko was up late in his hotel room the night before the finals of the Far West Classic in Portland. He had a special problem: how to stop undefeated Washington's Steve Hawes and George Irvine, who had combined for 104 points in the first two rounds of the tournament. Grabbing a bar of soap, Belko diagrammed a two-three zone defense on his mirror and decided Oregon would use that even though the Ducks had not tried a zone all year. The defense worked, as Hawes and Irvine were held to a total of 32 points. Led by Center Stan Love's 25 points and 12 rebounds, the Ducks started fast, scoring on 14 of their first 18 shots, and their zone won out 83-73.

USC and UCLA met strong intersectional opponents and won three games for the West Coast. The Trojans were faced with stopping Florida State's running game, called by Seminole Coach Hugh Durham the "fastest in the history of the South." First employing a tight man-to-man defense to bog down FSU's fast break, then turning to a stall offense late in the game to protect a narrow lead, Southern Cal won 71-68.

UCLA looked like two different teams against Princeton and Notre Dame. With the Tigers keeping the Bruins' running game in check and Jeff Petre scoring 28 points, UCLA needed Sidney Wick's 12-foot jumper with three seconds remaining to win 76-75. Five nights later the Bruins were back in high gear, running off to an 11-0 lead over the Irish and bringing in substitutes to play the closing nine minutes of a 107-77 victory.

New Mexico State defeated Sul Ross 95-

75 and Arizona 95-36, while Houston lost its first game after nine wins, to Santa Clara 85-63 in the first round of the Las Vegas Classic. The Cougars rebounded with a 98-85 victory over Cal at Santa Barbara.

1. UGFA (8-0) 2. NEW MEXICO ST. (12-1)

EAST

"He hit from inside, outside, right-handed, left-handed. I'd give up three of my players for him right now," said the Atlanta Hawks' Ralphe Guevin of St. Bonaventure's 6' 11", 265-pound center, Bob Lanier. "He'd really be something if he was in shape." Even with a couple of rolls of what looked suspiciously like baby fat, Lanier was adult enough for Purdue in the finals of New York City's Holiday Festival. The biggest Bonnie beat Oscar Robertson's single-game record for the tournament with 50 points as his team trounced the Boilermakers 91-75. Lanier, who had scored 25 in the Bonnies' 96-61 semifinal victory over St. Joseph's, hit on 29 of 36 shots in the two games. He added 25 more points as St. Bonaventure finished its week with a 96-63 win over Baldwin-Wallace.

Home-state teams found the pickings easy in most of the East's tournaments. Florida State knocked off Army 86-51 and intra-state rival Florida 88-63 in the Gator Bowl Classic as Pointman Ken Macklin, who had been in danger of losing his starting spot, scored 34 points in the two games. North Carolina took the Carolinas Classic at Greensboro by beating Harvard 92-74 and Bowling Green 87-72. Tar Heel Charlie Scott, the most valuable player, scored 27 points in the title game. Playing on his home floor in the Charlotte (N.C.) Invitational, Davidson topped Holy Cross 90-76 and Syracuse 103-81.

Columbia, which earlier had defeated Villanova 76-64, lost to home-town La Salle in the Quaker City 89-74 at Philadelphia. The Explorers, who gained a spot in the finals by defeating Cornell 68-56, halted the Lions' unbeaten strag at 10 games amid crass foul play. La Salle's Bob Fields, who was guarding Columbia star Jim McMillan closely in the Explorers' box-and-one defense, twice poked his opponent in the eye. McMillan missed more than six minutes of play and then, returning with blurred vision, scored only 15 points, well under his average.

One team that failed to win its own local tournament, Miami, lost 76-69 to Seton Hall in the opening round of the Hurricane Classic, while Texas upset Ohio University 73-65. The Pirates won the championship 56-55 over the Longhorns on Mel Knight's basket with 13 seconds left.

1. S. CAROLINA (8-1) 2. ST. BONAVENTURE (12-0)

Synergistic Stereo

RCA introduces a component system greater than the sum of its parts.



You don't have to run yourself ragged shopping for matched components for your Stereo system. Now you can buy an entire first-class component system from one manufacturer, U.S.

It's synergistic stereo—RCA's new component series. There's nothing quite like it for great stereo. **All by RCA**

Take our SS5000 above. All of its components are matched to work together for optimum performance and compatibility. Every one of them—the speakers, the tuner/amplifier, and the turntable—were designed and built by RCA. And as you would expect, we also give you extra features such as:

Computer Crafted Tuner
The SS5000 features RCA's high-performance Computer Crafted Stereo Tuner in the tuner/amplifier. It means great performance because it brings in hard-to-get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and separates stations crammed together on the dial.

100 watts peak power
Put behind all this a tuner/amplifier with 100 watts of peak power.

This solid state stereo amp can handle everything from the massive tones of a pipe organ pedal to the delicate upper range of the piccolo. That's synergistic stereo for you.

Speakers in sealed enclosures
Each speaker unit houses a 10-inch woofer with an especially flexible rubber suspension called "Elastomer Surround"—a new technique in speaker construction.

Elastomer Surround provides greater depth and clarity to the bass tones, giving them such power they can actually blow out a match.

The upper register is handled by two 3½-inch specially designed tweeters.

Synchronous motor turntable
The turntable on our SS5000 is a precision 4-speed instrument for automatic or manual playing. Its synchronous motor assures accurate

record speeds regardless of line voltage variations. So friction-free is the turntable, it continues to turn for nearly a minute after it's shut off.

And there's more
Our SS5000 is abundant with features such as our famous Feather Action Tone Arm, a Duralife® diamond stylus, a pause selector, muting switch, tape and earphone jack—and many others.

Lower priced models, too
There are three synergistic stereo systems in all. Our lower-priced models—the SS4000 and the SS3000 are more compact, with some of the same features as the SS5000.

We said they were greater than the sum of their parts. But why not pay a call to your RCA dealer and find out for yourself?

RCA

Try to keep your game from going tilt



Balance is as important in golf as it is in tightrope walking. Look at the way I'm addressing the ball here. If you took the club out of my hands, I'd fall flat on my face. My stance is slightly exaggerated, to make the point, but the point is true: all too many players do not distribute their weight properly during their swings. At address your weight should be distributed evenly between toe and heel, just as it would be if you were standing around talking with someone. If it isn't, chances are your whole swing will be off-balance, thus producing the kind of off-balance shot that can ruin a round.

To check your balance, simply stop yourself at some point in your swing—any point from address to follow-through. At that instant you should be able to take the club and move it in any direction without falling over. If I were balanced properly for the shot shown here, I would be able to pick the club up, wave it, throw it down, any thing. So balance yourself, and at the same time balance your golf swing.

BRANICE GOLDEN

© 1992 Golden Bear Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved.

More people enjoy True
than any other reduced tar
and nicotine cigarette.



Shouldn't you?

America's best-selling, best-tasting
reduced tar and nicotine brand.
12 mgs. tar; 0.7 mgs. nicotine.



Menthol,
too.



As President Thomas I. Sheridan Jr. says: golfers do it, yachtsmen do it, and it was predictable that sooner or later there would be

*A cold country club
for the real cool crowd*

We may preen in public about the advantages of democracy and all our equalities, but the fact is that a fair piece of homestretch in the American pursuit of happiness is devoted to chasing exclusivity. Nothing is quite so snug or quite so visible a symbol of prestige as membership in a private club—and nobody seems more bent on gaining this place beyond the crowd than the participating sportsmen among us. Players of golf and polo and tennis, yachtsmen, pheasant hunters, riders to the hounds, swimmers and steam-room loungers—all have found ways to wall themselves off. Until recently one of the few public sports still unaffected by this phenomenon was skiing, perhaps mostly because it is awfully expensive to block off a big mountain.

But now even that redoubt has fallen. Nowhere are people more underfoot than on the ski slopes of the crowded Northeast and, suddenly, here is the Windham Mountain Club—select and secluded on an 800-acre spread in New York's Catskill Mountains, a mere 2½-hour drive from Manhattan. Windham is operated for the express purpose of providing its members an uncluttered mountaineer, short lines to the chair lifts and well-mannered companionship. The cover sheet on its brochure leaves no doubt about the status: in bold, big capitals, the words PRIVATE PROPERTY are printed above a photograph of the mountain.

It is all that. Perhaps a bit more tactfully, the club's invitational card carries this message: "The historical American solution to the rapid growth of participation sports has been the private club concept. Those persons of more than nominal means who desire to enjoy a sport to its fullest have joined together to control the number and attractiveness of their associates. The Board of Governors cordially invites you. . . ."

Of course, controlling the "attractiveness" of one's associates requires certain subjective judgments that can cover a multitude of social qualities—and inequalities. Yet at Windham, as Club President Thomas I. Sheridan Jr. sees it, there is a nice, wholesome balance to the association. "There are Christians and Jews, bachelors and married guys with 10 kids. We have a New York po-

continued

Sports Illustrated all pro posters



2 feet X 3 feet ★ **\$1.50** each
45 of pro football's greatest stars!

NAME	AMT.	NAME	AMT.	NAME	AMT.
1N00 TOMMY NOBIS Atlanta		8N75 DEARDON JONES Los Ang.		1A30 JIM NANCE Boston	
1N34 JUNIOR COFFEY Atlanta		8N84 G. WASHINGTON Minn.		2A15 JACK KEMP Buffalo	
2N86 JOHN MACKEY Balt.		8N30 BILL BROWN Minnesota		3A42 WARREN MUEY Clev.	
2N41 TOM MATTE Baltimore		10N17 BILL KILMER New OH.		5A80 GEORGE WEBSTER Houst.	
3N52 GICK EUTIKUS Chicago		12N16 NORM SNEAD Phila.		8A16 LEN SAYDON Kansas	
3N40 GALE SAYERS Chicago		12N18 BEN HAWKINS Phila.		6A21 MIKE GARRETT Kansas	
4N44 LEROY KELLY Cleveland		13N10 KIDDT RUX Pittsburgh		7A12 BOB GRIESE Miami	
5N30 DAN REEVES Denve.		13N47 HARRY WOODSON Phil.		7A26 LARRY CSORNYA Miami	
5N74 BOB LILLY Dallas		13N34 ARNOLD RUSSELL Phil.		8A12 JOE NARRATH New York	
6N24 MEL FARR Detroit		14N12 CHARLEY JOHNSON SCL		8A83 GEO. SAUER New York	
6N20 LEM BARNEY Detroit		14N35 JIM BARKEN St. Louis		8A13 DON MAYNARD N.Y.	
7N25 BART STARR Green Bay		15N22 JOHN BRODIE San Fran.		9A3 DARYLE LAMONICA Oak.	
7N33 JIM GRADOWSKI G.B.		16N6 S. JURENCEWICH Wash.		9A40 PETE BANASZAK Oak.	
7N65 RAY NITSCHKE G.B.		16N42 CHARLEY TAYLOR Wash.		10A26 LANCE ALWORTH San O.	
8N18 ROMAN GABRIEL L.A.		2A36 O.J. SIMPSON Buffalo		10A20 JOHN HAOI San Diego	


Please send me the posters I've checked on the left at \$1.50 each or at our special offer of 4 for \$5.00. I have indicated how many of each I want.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ posters
☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order

NOTE: a poster order under \$3 must include \$0.50 for postage and handling.

Sports Illustrated
P.O. Box 441
Norristown, Pa. 19404

Name _____ (please print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ 2



**You only go around once in life.
So grab for all the gusto you can.
Even in the beer you drink.
Why settle for less?**

Schlitz



When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer.

© 1970 Anheuser-Busch, Inc. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee and other great cities.





ENCAPSULED AGAINST THE COLD, WINDHAM MOUNTAIN CLUBBERS CHAIR-LIFT THEIR WAY—PRIVATELY—INTO THE CATSKILLS

SKIING *continued*

liceman and stewardesses and nurses, lawyers and doctors. We have rich and poor... well, not really poor—you don't get any really poor skiers. In fact, a substantial number of our members will ski somewhere in Europe this year as well as coming to Windham for the weekends."

Among the name names on Windham's roster are such as Lowell Thomas, Frank Gifford, Rushion Skakel (Ethel Kennedy's brother), C. Peter Colough, president of Xerox, Louis Marx Jr., the toy manufacturer, White-law Reid of the publishing family, and other such known or vaguely familiar personalities. But even for routine nobodies, membership at Windham is not totally beyond reach. Top fee for a family membership is \$1,500 initiation, followed by \$500 maximum annual dues. And the Windham Mountain Club does not cater to your average, idle country-clubber. "This place is for people who really ski—not those who sit on their tails," said Sheridan. "The point of the club is for people to ski comfortably and safely. Without crowds. Listen, every one of us here has been through it all. Freezing in those 45-minute lift lines; dodging all over to save your life on the slopes from the madmen; bribing ski-school operators to let us get in at the front of the line. Sure, we want a congenial atmosphere here, but we're also here to ski and, I'll tell you, a private club changes the whole psychology of

skiing. Instead of running wild to get the most out of a \$10 lift ticket—you know, skiing for five or six hours on icy runs through snowstorms, risking your life to get your money's worth—we know it will always be at least civilized here. We can ski for an hour or so and quit. We don't feel frenzied."

To keep Windham unfrenzied, memberships are limited to 800—totaling no more than 2,800 skiers when families are added in. "We will never, under any circumstances, exceed 2,800 skiers," said Sheridan. "It's in the bylaws." Not that skiing millions are mad to get at the mountain. Windham Mountain is 3,100 feet high with a 1,500-foot vertical drop and the slopes average 25° of steepness. No one will ever schedule the Winter Olympics or a World Cup race at Windham, but the runs are challenging enough for the clientele. There are five trails and two wide slopes, including an unusually long novice run, 3½ miles. And there are three chair lifts (3,800 an hour capacity) to get everybody to the top.

Still, the mountain is a lovely sight to behold. It overlooks the classic American-primitive village of Windham, which is set in a valley that should have been painted by Grandma Moses. "It is not in the bylaws," said Sheridan, "but this is God's mountain. We didn't even get cute about naming it—just plain old Windham Mountain—because we didn't want to do anything to spoil the naturalness."

As might be suspected, the idea for forming a private club was born in the aftermath of an unsuccessful public ski area—same mountain—run by Sheridan's family. It simply did not catch on. In 1966 a band of 50 businessmen from the New York metropolitan area, organized by Sheridan, bought the mountain from the Sheridans for \$1.6 million. For the first couple of years the operation was semiprivate, meaning that club members used one fast-moving lift line while the public stamped its cold feet and cursed through a much longer queue. "That didn't work," said Sheridan. "The public hated it and the members got so embarrassed about being overprivileged that they could hardly bring themselves to go to the head of the lines." In the fall of 1968 the club went completely private and by last season it was successfully full. Now the main lodge has a good bar and the club has hired an excellent chef. There is a cafeteria and a zingy discotheque for the kids. Club members are building lush private ski houses all around and new apartment and duplex units are springing up.

"Now our problem is keeping our club under control," said Sheridan. "We're going to use a computer to keep track of our membership profile. We'll program in all the children and pregnant wives and the whole pattern of childbirth and death in the club. We are absolutely not going over 2,800 skiers. It's in the bylaws."

END

Swing Better With a Good Grip.



Little finger of right hand overlaps index finger of left hand.



Hands must turn toward each other as though wringing out a wash cloth.



Pressure points should be last 3 fingers of left hand, middle two fingers of right hand.



Right thumb should be to left side of grip, lightly touching tip of right index finger.

EXPL. GOLFELLER, SOUTHERN CAL. / ORANGE / VIA PROFESSIONAL GOLFER OF THE YEAR, 1988.



Swing Better With a Good Breakfast.

A good game starts with a good breakfast. So don't start the day with filler foods. Tear into Carnation Instant Breakfast. Mixed with milk, as much protein, energy, vitamins, minerals as a poached egg on toast, two strips of bacon and a glass of orange juice.



CARNATION® INSTANT BREAKFAST, CARNATION COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



THE WET, HAPPY LIFE OF MARVIN SHACKELFORD

by

CHARLES GILLESPIE

This branch-water bon vivant and world champion marathon water skier is accused by some of having entered his second childhood. Shack and his fun-loving friends deny this with vigor, asserting that, at 34, he has never left the first one



Eventually there comes a time in every man's life when he must—however reluctantly—lay aside the toys of his childhood and plunge into the world of grown-ups, known also as the world of commerce, trade, business and by sundry other aliases. If he does well in this world, it is accepted that he may return to the other one, this time equipped with the toys of adult success: cabin cruisers, Caribbean holidays, private airplanes and hand-crafted golf clubs.

These paragraphs concern a man who avoided the tedious in-between and climbed straight into the attic where all the fun is stored. He has been there ever since. He lives in a world of kites, roller skates, fancy motorcycles, radio-controlled model airplanes, motorboats, parachutes, slot cars, girls, exotic talents and corny jokes. He is the oldest non-Establishment permanent floating resident of Memphis and, as it turns out, the world champion marathon water skier. He may also be the state motorcycle-painting champ, and he is unquestionably the greatest shallow-water shark killer to leave the banks of the Mississippi.

Marvin Shackelford lives at McKellar Lake, a gummy outfall of the Mississippi River hard by the city of Memphis. He has lived there since 1961, when he built with his

bare hands and certain associated tools the boathouse he now occupies. Aboard this 22-foot-by-45-foot demo-Eden, Shackelford has assembled the paraphernalia of a 34-year-old man growing into childhood: four telephones (he had five until he hurled his pink Princess into McKellar Lake after it began giving him wrong numbers), photographic equipment, several volumes on science, a set of the *Encyclopedia Americana*, a squadron of radio-controlled model airplanes, photographs of costumed chimpanzees and prize motorcycles, three television sets, a shortwave radio, a stereo system and a Donald Duck night-light in the bathroom. And, through a doorway to his boat slip a few feet away, an 18-foot inboard Chris-Craft.

To truly understand Marvin Shackelford, it helps to know the unusual atmosphere of McKellar Lake. Technically, it is not a lake at all but a still-water bay, a back-up of residual waters of the Mississippi River. A few years ago it was a lively place, crowded on Saturday and Sunday afternoons with sailboats, speedboats, water skiers and families who yearned to be near the water. Cars towing boat trailers were backed up for blocks awaiting their turn at the lurching ramps. But over a period of years the Memphis city fathers have zoned much of the

continued

shoreline for commercial use, which now includes an oil refinery and a sewage facility that contribute to a rising tide of sludge. The effluence from these plants has made the lake what it is today: a mess. Now the crowds have fled to shores across the state line in Mississippi, and all that's left are the air-conditioned rich and the just-plain-conditioned like Shackelford.

Shackelford's boathouse, identified by a sign reading SHACK'S SHACK, and his inboard motorboat, named *Ye-Our II* (which is how Shackelford pronounces the question, "Do you want to?"), lie along the rampway extending from the lake's marina. Strolling this ramp on a summer's night, one hears the susurrus of the Memphis leisure class doing its thing. They sit in their prow-to-prow cabin cruisers, turn on their FMs and quietly or not-so-quietly uncork and unwind.

The unofficial mayor of this lakeside menagerie is, of course, Shackelford. This is only fitting. It is, after all, his front and back yards, his home, his life. He defends the attractions of McKellar Lake, and occasionally its purity, with the fervor of a Texan at the Alamo. "I've never heard of a single person who got sick because he fell in McKellar and got a mouthful of water," he says, and while the listener grapples with that vision, he goes on: "I've fallen in a thousand times and I've never gotten sick. When you talk about pollution and people get-

ting sick, you're talking about typhoid fever and things like that, and I've never known a person who got any of those things."

Although Shackelford leaves the boathouse at regular intervals to eat what he calls "a piece of old dead cow meat," his basic fuels are cigarettes and coffee, which he consumes in staggering quantities. At a time when even tobacco salesmen are having second thoughts about their product, Shack remains the habit's greatest advocate. He does not drink, however—a fact that increasingly bewilders those who spend much time around the freewheeling atmosphere of McKellar's western shore. He sleeps infrequently, not from any lack of interest but because of an overactive imagination. "I get to bed and start thinking of things I want to do," he says, "and I have to get up and do them."

As might be deduced from his diet and habits, Shackelford is not a robust physical specimen. Newspaper stories about him have described his 5'11", 140-pound physique as "skinny," an adjective he professes to deplore. "What can I say?" he adds quickly. "They have pictures of me." Despite his size and build, Shackelford has an abundance of strength of the sort often associated with wiry types and which, in 1960, made him the world's champion marathon water skier.

The first long-distance water-ski competition in the Memphis area was organized chiefly as an assault on the existing long-distance record of 267 miles set by a Floridian named Alan Warner. Three members of the Memphis Ski Club, including one woman, set out from St. Louis for McKellar Lake, a distance of 420 miles. But when one of them, John Coll, collapsed near the Memphis-Arkansas Bridge—and they had all set a new record anyway—they decided to call it off. This was in 1957.

The World's Water Ski Marathon Championship the following year grew out of that competition. It was designed as an endurance contest in the old *l'assez-faire* style, with a winner-take-all prize of \$1,000. Second prize was a dunk in McKellar Lake. Once the competition began, it didn't end until every contestant save one, the winner, had collapsed and been fished out like the loser he was. There was no rest, no partner, no balm for the humiliation of defeat. The difference between this marathon and the earlier ones was that this one was held over a closed course around Treasure Island, a pleasantly wooded mound in the middle of McKellar's turbid waters.

In that 1958 competition Shackelford had only a summer's water-skiing experience behind him. Nevertheless, he circled the course around Treasure Island for 626 miles, a total since exceeded only by Shackelford himself. Despite this conspicuous success, his thousand dollars in prize money and a certain amount of national publicity, Shackelford was not satisfied. He regarded it as merely a prelude to what he was going to do the following year: ski 1,000 miles.



Wet and weary, Shackelford is helped ashore after 518.2 miles of nonstop water skiing in the 1950 marathon.

Considering the adversities—some of his own making—it is remarkable that Shackelford finished six miles, let alone more than 600, that first year. While some of the more affluent contestants were using three boats to precede them and break up the lake's chop ("I had to keep sking through their wakes," he says), Shackelford had to settle for alternating a couple of inboards piloted by friends and working companions, a few of whom had never driven a boat. With characteristic ingenuity, Shackelford had obtained aerial maps of the lake and charted the shortest possible route (6.2 miles) around Treasure Island. To communicate with his crew, he wore a flying helmet with a headset and boom microphone. He took extraordinary precautions to keep his feet dry with plastic freezer bags wrapped over a big Gil shoe screwed to his water ski. Shackelford had decided on a single ski as preferable to the two-ski technique that requires greater concentration and effort. He planned to get a dry flying start by sitting on the prow of a trailing boat until his tow boat got up speed, then easing his ski into the water.

The theory behind these precautions was eminently sound, as later experience proved. Unfortunately, they turned out disastrously the first time around. For one thing, Shackelford got dunked just before the race started when a boat cut across his path and he had to let go of his towline. The immersion turned the freezer bags on his feet into leakproof containers, rather than watertight covers. Since only two minutes remained before the starting time, he gave his crew the "go" sign and was off. Wet feet and all.

As soon as he adjusted to squishy toes, Shackelford was confronted with a second problem. One of the wood screws holding his brogan to the water ski began loosening itself into his big toenail, slowly and painfully lifting off the nail. The pain must have been exquisite, but Shack managed to endure it for four hours. Finally his toenail came off, providing some relief, but then his foot began to bleed from the assorted contusions and to harden from the soaking.

"I thought about quitting a bunch of times," Shackelford admits, "but after every lap I figured I could make one more." Twenty-three hours and 10 minutes later, alone but still sking with the dislodged toenail and screw, he was asked by tired race officials to quit so they could get home to their families.

The second McKellar Lake marathon, in 1959, was a fiasco. The night before, a heavy rainstorm washed tons of earth and floating debris into the lake, creating an aquatic obstacle course. Seven hours and 170 miles into that race, Shackelford crashed into a submerged object and his dreams of a 1,000-mile record were frustrated once again.

Bowed but unbloodied, he made plans for marathon No. 3. This time he was preparing to ski a thousand miles at all costs. Remembering 1958, he asked one of the mar-

athon's organizers, John Coll, whose untimely spill ended the St. Louis-Memphis competition in 1957, to provide officials who could last as long as he did. Coll promised. Shackelford had other headaches. Unable to train ahead of time because his boat had been rammed a few weeks before the race, he had to be satisfied with preparations he could not test. He stayed with the one-ski tactic and, recalling the wet-foot episode of two years earlier, borrowed a pair of fisherman's waders and taped them to his blue jeans. "I started dry and stayed dry," he recalls.

Eating rare steak for nourishment, drinking three cases of Pepsi to fight thirst and using a battery-operated telephone to navigate the boat during the night, Shackelford remained on his single ski for 35 hours, 15 minutes, covering more than 800 miles. The only unforeseen difficulty came when a photographer cruised up during the night and popped a flashbulb in Shackelford's eyes, blinding him for most of one lap. Otherwise, things went swimmingly until, at the 818.2-mile mark, he ran over a sandy corner of Treasure Island and fell into the water on the opposite side—an unusual short cut he doesn't remember taking.

Fatigue unquestionably played a major role in his unscheduled detour across dry land, but Shackelford also lays some of the blame on well-meaning friends. "I could have gone another 182 miles easy. It was only six more hours. But some of my friends got to worrying about me and decided to help me out by giving me some kind of pills. They just knocked me silly. The papers all said I went to sleep, but it was just the opposite. Oh, well—I'd rather they said I went to sleep than that I was a junkie.

"The next-to-last guy and I skied side by side for a long time," he recalls with some poignancy. "I remember he had tears in his eyes, and he said, 'Man, I got to go,' and he fell. The last five guys before me were taken straight to the hospital, but I was feeling fine. Not tired at all." As if to prove it, Shackelford was out on the lake bright and early the next morning. Water-skiing.

Shackelford competed a year later in the fourth and final McKellar Lake marathon, but was eliminated after 240 miles when a new drive shaft in his boat snapped. Subsequently the Tennessee legislature effectively killed the event by prohibiting endurance contests of more than eight hours. Thus, unless someone figures out a way to negotiate the hazards of McKellar Lake at better than 100 miles an hour on water skis, Marv Shackelford's record will probably never be broken in his home state.

"That was a glorious time," Shackelford says of that glorious time. "It was similar to the '30s and all those crazy old marathons. There's a good feeling in knowing you've done something nobody else has ever done. I guess everybody wants to be an individual."

Well, Marv Shackelford does, and he probably struck his softest blow for that agreeable state when he first decided to move out to McKellar Lake. He had not been water-

continued

skiing very long when the idea of life afloat began to make sense to him. He noticed, he says, that he was driving to work regularly with his boat trailer hooked onto the back of his car, then driving out to the lake after work to water-ski until darkness came. And he soon perceived that this was a frightful waste of time—not the water-skiing: all that driving and working. The solution seemed simple: he would move to the lake.

Working in his spare time, he first built a foundation for the boathouse out of floating steel tanks. Over that he assembled a shell into which, long before the boathouse was completed, Shackelford moved. He was the first man to establish year-round residence on the Memphis waterfront. Most of the time since then he has been the *only* year-round resident.

"Nobody ever lived on the waterfront before I came," Shackelford says. "I don't know whether the marina management thinks it's such a good idea, but they should. During the winter I thaw their pipes, and if somebody's boat is sinking I get word to them. They've got an unpaid watchman the year round.

"I'll never move from here. There's no grass to cut, no milkman, no door-to-door salesman, no bill collectors. I don't have any desire to move out, but if I found something better I wouldn't hesitate. I've even thought about finding some old gal and getting married, but you couldn't raise a family down here, and that's the only reason I'd get married. To have a kid.

"Anyhow, it's cheaper to live here than anywhere in the world. I've got everything I need, and I can do anything I want to. I can listen to stereo wide open till 3 in the morning. If I want to have a party, I don't have to tell people not to bang on the walls. The only time I dislike it down here is in the winter, when the waterline freezes over or if the power lines go down or if there's a real bad storm."

If Shackelford's personal life style is unorthodox, so is that of most of his friends. The entourage that sweeps in and out of Shack's Shack is an evanescent one, yet rich in texture and *joie de vivre*. Unlike their guru, most members of the Shackelford host soon tire of the nonstop fun and games, but while they last, they enjoy. If there is a commonality among them, it is that the men tend to reflect Southern, rural upbringings, their women a concomitant ripeness of speech and habit that appeals to such men. Communication is rustic and ribald, laced with one-liners from Shack himself (Sample: "I had a hula dancer hired to clean this place up, but she wiggled out of it.")

On a typical Sunday afternoon, Shackelford's McKellar mafia might ride motorcycles, pilot his inboard, mount his water skis or float above the peaceful landscape on the lake's lone parasail. For the indolent there are his model airplanes, his four telephones, his shortwave radio and his Donald Duck night-light. Activity at Shack's Shack is decidedly free form.

Girls must be rugged to survive in this milieu. They must endure endless psychic indignities, along with considerable physical roughhouse, yet manage to be feminine when the time comes. A surprising number of them—including a great many who arrive unknown and unannounced—not only survive but flourish. Shackelford is only half-kidding when he says of one female habitué, "She thinks I'm God and that when she dies she'll go to my boathouse."

Shackelford admits a lot of his friends were visible only after his boathouse was completed, but he shrugs off suggestions they might be taking advantage of him. "I'm flexible," he says. "I don't care about dating and taking a girl up to the picture show or feeding her or anything like that. I just like for people to come on down."

And come they do. Even when Shackelford isn't home, there's usually a spare key around someplace; callers on the telephone are greeted with a congenial recorded message in the Shackelford twang: "If you would be good enough to leave your name and telephone number, I will return your call as soon as I come back. But if you don't, then be assured that I won't call you." When he is home, he is wont sometimes to answer the telephone with, "Hello, I'd like to speak to Marvin Shackelford, please." Most people hang up and try again.

It is no surprise that, to a man who knows he can ski a thousand miles without pause, the parlor tricks of water-ski acrobats are unimpressive. "I can do all that stunt stuff," he says. "I took the time to learn all those tricks and run the slaloms. I can ski barefooted, but it's just not worth it. Once in a while the Memphis Ski Club needs somebody to fill in and do tricks or something and I'll do it just to help them out."

For a local promotion Shackelford and a female skier once donned rubber suits and plunged into McKellar Lake on an afternoon when snow still clung to the bluffs and the thermometer was hanging around 15°.

Claims that he is not the champion marathon water skier amuse him. He displays on request two newspaper clippings mailed to him by friends, one from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that details the feat of a man from Belleville, Ill. who skied 75 miles in two hours, 10 minutes. Another is from an unidentified publication that confers the one-ski championship on a 17-year-old Finnish girl who went 203.8 miles in six hours, 59 minutes. Shackelford only smiles.

Before he took up water-skiing, he moonlighted at the old Rainbow Roller Rink in Memphis as a kind of handyman-watchman on wheels, keeping order on the floor, repairing skates, teaching, pointing signs—"just a general flunky." During that period he entered his first marathon, a 26-mile roller-skating race in Little Rock that he says "I finished, and that's about all." Several of the Shackelford clan skate in the wintertime, renting the Skateland-Fraser rink after hours, then holding football games on

skates and making other unorthodox use of the facilities.

"When I was working at the Rainbow, Elvis used to come over. He once brought all the Miss World contestants from L.A. for a week as his houseguests, and they came out to skate," he recalls fondly. "Elvis used to ride motorcycles with us once in a while." Then his voice drops in register, and he adds regretfully, "I don't know what's happened to that boy. Since he got married, he's got old, or settled down, or something . . ."

Shackelford's unorthodox life style probably has its roots in his own youth in rural Tennessee. "I guess we were just old middle-class people," he says. "We didn't have a new bike or anything like that every year, but we were never hungry, either. My daddy worked as a clerk in the post office and during the war he had two jobs, but my mother never worked. It was just a typical old country-boy life.

"We hunted and fished and played baseball and messed around with old junky motorcycles and cars, and we raised our own food—killed hogs and things like that. I didn't make any big scholastic advances or anything. I just got by. I thought about college, but I got this job working for the Air National Guard just before I got out of high school and started out driving their fuel truck. I was making so much money I couldn't afford to quit and go back to school."

While still in high school, Shackelford bought his first set of wheels, a worn motor scooter that he repaired and sold at a profit. He bought others, repeating the process of trade and improvement until he could afford a car. But four wheels is too many for Shackelford, and in 1959 he loaned his car to a friend who left a motorcycle as a loaner. Shackelford has been riding two-wheelers ever since. Automobiles, he claims, are "too dangerous."

Today he owns two motorcycles, or did until one of them was stolen while he was flying in Vietnam for the National Guard and the second disappeared Christmas Eve while he was at Frayser risk. Both were Harley-Davidson Sportsters, which he describes as the second-largest but fastest models in the line. He put a lot of work into his stolen bikes and deplores the police attitude toward his loss: "They can't be bothered." His contempt for motorcycle outlaws is less casual.

"I'm against people like the Hell's Angels. Not because of the way they look. That's their business, if they want to let their hair grow into their eyes so they can't see, and then run into trees. What I'm opposed to is the image they give anybody who rides a motorcycle." He has been asked to leave restaurants in Memphis when the proprietors have seen him drive up on his Harley, but his ardor for the big machines remains undimmed. "I want a machine that will let me head for Nashville at 75 miles an hour and go all day," he says. "Foreign bikes just blow."

Every man requires an outlet for his artistic talents, and Shackelford has found his in painting motorcycles. There are those among the Shackelford coterie who feel, indeed,



In one of his rare moments of serenity, Shackelford floats in the Memphis sky from his homeside perch.

that his creations on the fenders and fuel tanks of local machines are worthy of display in a Manhattan gallery. As with so many facets of his many-faceted existence, his motorcycle painting started by accident. "I tried to get my bike painted a couple of times," he recalls, "but I could never find anybody to do it. So I just borrowed the equipment and started in. It worked out pretty well."

It worked out so well that other people began asking him where he had gotten his bike painted, and when he told them it was a do-it-myself job, he was asked to decorate theirs. "The more I painted the better I got," he says, "and finally I got pretty famous for it. One boy shipped me his fenders and tank and stuff from Vietnam. That's my furthest customer."

Shackelford also decorates motorcycle helmets, cars, trucks and anything else that lends itself to his startling designs. "Two or three years ago I painted my own motorcycle and got first place in the World Auto Show in Memphis. I painted one motorcycle for Elvis. He's had it painted in California, even had custom-upholstered seats. He'd loaned it to somebody, and they took a spill, so it had a lot of scratches. I restored it for him."

Shackelford is busiest in the wintertime, when motorcycle use is at its nadir. "People don't want to let loose of their bikes for a week in the summer," he explains, "and it takes me at least that long to do a job." He mixes his own paints out of raw pigments and clear acrylic, so that

continued

no two designs are alike. "No question about somebody ever running into another cycle the same color," he says. "No way."

One of his paint jobs is now a Memphis tourist attraction. Some time ago the city of Memphis took over responsibility for the famed World War II bomber, *Memphis Belle*, which is on display there. The Air National Guard has taken on the job of restoring and repainting the old B-17, and Shack was the man who wielded the restorative brush.

Like motorcycling and McKellar Lake, the Air National Guard is an object of passionate loyalty to Shackelford. He joined it shortly around the end of the Korean War and is now a loadmaster on C-124 cargo planes, with a rank of staff sergeant. His specialty makes the work "real good" (a loadmaster supervises but does not load), and his rating assures him a living income. "I make as much as I want to, and I enjoy working here. It's not like the Marines or the Navy Reserve, where all they do is drill and read books." He enjoys the opportunity to travel that the ANG gives him, and he's covered a lot of territory for an erstwhile Tennessee country boy. "I've been every place except the Communist countries," he says. "All over Europe, Australia, Taiwan, South America, Vietnam, Italy, England, Germany, Holly Springs." Holly Springs?

No streak in the Shackelford character runs deeper than his need to invent things. When ordinary recreations pale, he can be counted on to devise new ones. When he spots an industrial tool that intrigues him, he finds a recreational application for it. He is a kind of Thomas Edison of the pleasure cult.

For instance, he is probably the only man outside NASA who owns his own kite based on the Rogallo wing. He is certainly the only man on McKellar Lake with a parasail. But if one Shackelford innovation demonstrates this facility best, it is shallow-water shark killing, a sport he discovered one season on a trip to the Bahamas. He was with a young lady at the time, and after getting to Tampa by motorcycle they caught a plane for Eleuthera Island, where Shackelford was struck by a daily ritual at one of the local ranches.

"They had a big chicken house where some of the birds died every day," he explains. "They'd throw the carcasses off a cliff into the Atlantic, and the sharks would swim around and wait for the feast. Some of them got to 20 or 30 feet long. Sometimes the farmers would catch a box constrictor in the chicken coop, and they'd toss that over the cliff, too."

"Anyhow, we got the workers to throw the chickens down on the ground instead of off the cliff," Shackelford continues. "We'd bait these huge hooks at the end of five-eighths nylon rope with four or five chickens. Then Becky, this gal, and some local people and I would get in the water—just us and the rope and the sharks—and we'd play tug-of-

war with them until we could get them up on a sandbar and stab them to death."

"We went back two or three years, then Becky and I broke up, and I didn't have anybody to go with."

Shackelford was inspired to build his kite based on NASA's Rogallo wing when he read about one in a magazine. Though details were secret, the article included an artist's conception of what one might look like. Shack conducted his own tests and "on about the 40th try" began to get the hang of it. Eventually he built one he claims would outfly any kite in the world. His parasail was created in a similar way. After reading about one, he wrote the inventor and got a set of directions. He then hand-crafted his own, which he still rides around the lake hitched either to a jeep for dry-land sailing or to the back of his inboard for cruising over the lake.

In addition to inventing things, he likes to fix them. He cannot abide something that doesn't work, witness his Princess telephone. One Christmastime he was wandering through a department store and noticed a box full of broken slot cars waiting to be discarded. Shackelford purchased the lot, 50 in all, for \$5 and after a few hours' work had 47 of them running. He then constructed a racing layout that took up most of Shack's Shack, and the McKellar marina was alive with the whine of slot-car engines for the next several weeks. Finally he grew tired of the sport and gave the set to his nephews.

"In spasms," Shackelford is an expert pistol shot (60 bullets through the heart from every position while qualifying with a service 38), and new fields always beckon. Recently he has been devoting much of his time to his radio-controlled airplanes. He likes to find lonely spots to fly them, but usually ends up attracting a crowd of a couple hundred people before he's through. Memphis is not exactly Disneyland when it comes to rival attractions.

Last August Shackelford entered his first formal radio-controlled airplane competition, at a time when he had only two months of experience with the complicated craft. Nevertheless, he won the Class A stunt division, beating out a veteran of five years' experience. "I thought that wasn't too bad," Shack says with becoming modesty.

To such a one as Marvin Shackelford, the earth must seem a place of limitless variety and charm. No challenge must seem beyond him, no bauble so trivial that it is not worth picking up. Still, for all his models and telephones and water skis, he is not fulfilled. "The world is fading fast for the individual," he says. "If somebody really wants to kick the doors open on something, there's just not anything left. They've got too many restrictions on everything these days."

"You know," he concludes, "if I could have done anything I wanted to, it would have been to be the first man on the moon." Yet, one wonders: could Neil Armstrong have water-skied almost a thousand miles—with or without a big toenail?

END



Truth goes bong, not plink.

The untruth, the half-truth, and even the little white lie all have something in common. A sound. (Plink.)

Sometimes it takes awhile before it comes through, but anyone can hear a plink. Even a six-year-old can tell a plink when he sees Santa on every street corner. A teacher knows when the note about Johnny's flu means his family took him on a long weekend.

Truth gives off quite a different sound. (Bong!)

Most people can hear that very clearly, too. Truth is a four-year-

old telling grandma she's an old lady. Truth is telling someone he's not being promoted and why. Truth is what people respond to.

The sound of a half-truth is the hardest to discern. Often it seems to go bong for awhile. But sooner or later it plinks. People, companies and governments sometimes forget this.

When you think about it, it's not easy to find people, companies and governments that really go bong. What sound does your company make? How about your pastor? Your U.S. Senator?

In this world of plinking sounds, some people really stand out.

Abraham Lincoln went bong.
Winston Churchill went bong.
Neil Armstrong goes bong.
Bill Cosby goes bong.

And every fall, you can hear Vince Lombardi go bong. Bong. Bong!

We're in the business of motivating all kinds of people with communications.

One thing we ask ourselves about the advertising and public relations we create for clients:

Plink or bong?

Marsteller Inc.

One East Wacker Drive, Chicago 60601 • Advertising • Public Relations • Marketing Research
Los Angeles • New York • Pittsburgh • Washington • Brussels • Geneva • London • Paris • Stockholm • Stuttgart • Toronto



"You mean LaSalle will let me write all the checks I want, FOR FREE!"

Now there's no service charge if you keep a balance of at least \$200 in your checking account, or \$500 in passbook savings at LaSalle.

If you ordinarily maintain a balance of at least \$200 in your checking account, it ought to be in the LaSalle National Bank.

No matter how many checks you write, there's never a service charge at LaSalle as long as you keep that minimum \$200 balance.

Even if your balance slips below \$200, there's no service charge providing you have at least \$500

in a passbook savings account at LaSalle.

If you get pinched for money so you have neither a \$200 balance in your checking account or \$500 in savings at LaSalle, the monthly charge is a flat \$2, no matter how many checks you write.

Where you keep your checking account does make a difference. It's a difference in your favor, when you keep it at LaSalle.



LaSalle NATIONAL BANK



MEMBER F.D.I.C.

LA SALLE BANK BUILDING 135 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60603 • PHONE 783-5200



Photo-expressionism

A photographer can capture reality, or heighten reality, just like a painter. He needs only the imagination and the camera. He can, for instance, take a far-off plane and bring it up close to a nearby building to do his artistic bidding.

In this case, he did it with a 35mm camera, the Nikkormat FTn. And a most unusual lens, the 500mm Reflex Nikkor. This lens looks like it would be at home in an astronomical observatory (works like the Mt. Palomar telescope), yet it's so light and compact that you can hand hold it. It is one of more than 10 "long" lenses which fit the Nikkormat FTn, all of which will give you this fascinating compressed effect in varying degrees. There are 30-some other lenses and accessories for almost every purpose, all from the famous Nikon system. Yet the Nikkormat, for all its capabilities is so uncomplicated and responsive that it never distracts you from the photograph. Sells for less than \$270 with a 50mm f2 lens. Isn't it time you discovered your own reality?

See your Nikon dealer or write: Nikon Inc.
Garden City New York 11530. Subsidiary of
Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Ind., Inc. 
(In Canada: Anglaphoto Ltd., P.O.)

Nikkormat FTn by Nikon



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RECOUNT?

Sirs:

In answer to a question in your Dec. 22 article, *A Game Wrote a Game*: no, I don't believe an AFL all-star team on which Darley Lamonica didn't get a single vote. How could a quarterback possibly have a better year than Lamonica had?

Among other accomplishments Lamonica threw 34 touchdown passes during the season and, as he had done earlier in the Buffalo game, he threw six touchdown passes in the vital playoff game against Houston! Isn't that the name of the game?

"If this evaluation of ability is indicative of the coaching skills of the assistant coaches who voted in this poll, then it is small wonder that the players whom they coached are not headed for the Super Bowl."

HAROLD CHRISTENSEN

San Francisco

Sirs:

How could these assistant coaches overlook quarterbacks like Joe Kapp and the AFL's great rookie, Greg Cook? Kapp led his Vikings to the best record in the NFL and he deserves some credit for Gene Washington's shining achievements.

And how, by all the laws of sanity, can they leave Cook off? He led an expansion team to a fine season. He led Big Mouth Joe in passing and Joe has a better all-around team behind him. I demand a recount.

JEFF FEIN

Concord, Calif.

Sirs:

I am bewildered! Roman Gabriel your choice as the NFL's best quarterback! Is this the very same Roman Gabriel who, though protected by a line that led the league in protecting its passer, could finish no better than fourth place in passing and whose entire offensive unit finished a pathetic 12th in total offense? Is this the same Roman Gabriel, who, in a recent game against the Redskins, threw on first and second downs from the Skins' one-yard line in what Pat Summerall described sympathetically as "unusual" play selection? Since when does anyone need to pass against the Redskins to move the ball one yard in four tries?

Unless Gabe can take credit for the Ram defensive unit, I and several local writers are dumfounded by his support. Will those who supported Gabriel for MVP versus the likes of Carl Eller, Deacon Jones or even a Paul Warfield and those who placed him in front of Sonny Jurgensen for All-League please stand up and be heard?

RICHARD J. GEORGE JR.

Palm Beach, Fla.

MR. ROBBIE'S FRIENDS

Sirs:

I want to introduce myself as a new partner of the Miami Dolphins. I joined with Joe Robbie in May of this year.

I just read the article *Thin Man Fired Flipper* (Dec. 15) by Mark Kram, and I find it the most distasteful reporting I have ever read in your magazine. This article is a one-sided defamation of a man's character as represented by people who have had disagreements with Mr. Robbie, and in no way was there an attempt to even the score by printing the comments of those who know and are willing to talk about the positives of this man.

H. EARL SMALLEY
Chairman and President

Dextra Corporation
Miami

Sirs:

A small "nonactionable" demurrer is hereby entered to a section of Mark Kram's story.

I advanced approximately \$1,000—not \$11,000—to cover player per-diem expenses for the Miami Dolphins' trip to San Diego in August of 1966.

A pardonable error, but, if uncorrected, the suspicion remains that Joe Robbie will consider it additional evidence of the "conspiracy" against him.

CHUCK BURK

Buffalo Trotting Association
Hamburg, N.Y.

Sirs:

After reading Mark Kram's article I find myself pleased that Mr. Kram did not choose to become a judge in a court of law. If this article is any indication, looking fairly at both sides of a situation is not one of Mr. Kram's strong points.

Joe Robbie, as seen by Harry Q. Dolphin, is many things. "An unbeloved pirate lawyer," though, is hardly a fit description.

Not always the stablest franchise, the Miami Dolphins have always met their bills. How can Mr. Kram call the Dolphins' franchise "the cheapest in sports history" when in 1965, the first year of operation (and when still at war with the NFL), the Dolphins signed Kentucky's quarterback, Rick Norton, for \$300,000 and Tennessee's linebacker, Frank Emanuel, for \$400,000?

In an article in the *Miami Herald* on Dec. 13 Joe Robbie is quoted as saying, "I spoke to those people [from SE] in good faith. I even supplied them with the picture of Flipper and Danny Thomas that they used to illustrate the story. They told me an altogether different version of their story than it turned out to be. As it turned out, their

product is irresponsible, inaccurate and totally unfair."

To hold Mr. Robbie responsible for everything from the young Dolphins' growing pains to the fact that he is Lebanese is ridiculous, and it shows that to print this article SE has to be bush.

According to the *Herald* article, your reporters interviewed Head Coach George Wilson and Quarterbacks Rick Norton and Bob Griese extensively, yet printed none of this. Mr. Robbie's good qualities, contrary to what you would think after reading the article, are many. The absence of any mention of them, on top of everything else, indeed, makes for an "irresponsible, inaccurate and totally unfair" article.

DAVID SHANDLOFF

Miami

Sirs:

I would like to express my personal thanks to Mr. Robbie for giving Miami professional football. I'm sure many others share my sentiment. This man has stuck with the Dolphins through defeat after defeat. And he always has a fresh attitude toward each game. He isn't a loser. Miami wants a winner, and in a few years we will have one. Then when will we have to thank for it? Joseph Robbie, that's who!

BRUCE ROBINSON

Miami

Sirs:

For Joe Robbie to leave little Sisson, S. Dak., and become owner of the Miami Dolphins is incredible: for him to be castigated as a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* article is remarkable; for Mark Kram to write that biting article is regrettable.

PAUL VICKIRMAN

Northfield, Minn.

NET RESULTS

Sirs:

My heartfelt congratulations to you and Clive Gammon for the timely and extremely well-written article on the Danes' scourge of the Atlantic salmon (*The Danes Scourge the Seas*, Dec. 15).

As you know, the subject matter of this article is really not news to anyone who, for some time, has been interested in the fate of the Atlantic salmon. What is most important, however, is that you and Mr. Gammon have now very ably presented the case to the vast majority of the reading sportsmen of this country and, hopefully, to the reading and thinking sportsmen of the entire world. Hopefully this will result in an aroused public opinion that will force the Danes to abandon what can only be described as a

continued

Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is *Preparation H*—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.



The deck is stacked in your favor when you follow Charles Goren's lead—regularly, in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

CHANGE ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
541 N. Fairbanks Ct.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State

Zip Code

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other mailers concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order \$6 check box ☐ new ☐ renewal
Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands is \$9.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world \$7.00 a year; all others \$14.00 a year.

19TH HOLE (continued)

most selfish policy. Such does not really seem to be their nature, but now is the time for them to publicly display a great deal more statesmanship in this matter than has heretofore been observed.

It may be of interest to you to know that I have fished the Alta River in Norway for the past two summers. The take there has been down from that of previous years and, almost without exception, the salmon taken by us evidenced, in varying degrees, successful encounters with the nets. It makes one wonder just how many of these great fish were not so successful.

BARON HILLMAN

Duluth

Sirs:

I greatly applaud Clive Gammon. He has brought to light one of the worst conservation scandals, one that rivals the mass slaughter of ducks and geese by market hunters in the early part of this century.

Although the Dames seem very self-righteous, they are still destroying one of the best game fish known and don't seem to care as long as they make a profit. It seems they will go on doing this indefinitely, since no real pressure will be brought to bear. After all, the only country in the world that insists to protest and keeps its agreements is the United States.

JOHN S. ZIELINSKI

Rome, N.Y.

SEE NO EVIL

Sirs:

You had an excellent article in the Dec. 22 issue on the effects of television on sports (*TV Made It All a New Game*). I was particularly interested in your views on boxing. Although I am not old enough to remember the days of saturation televising of boxing, I realize how intense coverage could kill the sport. However, I don't agree that a fight of the week should not be televised now.

In televised fights only the top fighters are seen. Your theory is that this would cause people to avoid going to see local fighters of lesser stature, and thus the talent pools for boxing would dry up. But has television done this to other sports? College football and basketball draw huge crowds. Most teams play seasons close to 500, yet people still go to their games, even though games like Arkansas-Texas or UCLA-Purdue are televised. Saturation coverage of pro football has certainly not hurt attendance at any level.

My point is that seeing the best play on television has enhanced, not hurt, the popularity of those sports. A fan in Los Angeles is familiar with most of the players on the East Coast, yet this does not stop him from supporting his home team. Yet in boxing, where usually only the top heavyweights

are seen on television, the average sports fan can probably name only a handful of the present champions, if any.

A sport is hurt at all levels when its best players are kept from the public.

NICK MARTIN

Etobicoke, Ontario

Sirs:

Your end-of-the-decade issue (Dec. 22) recalled many truly memorable events in the sports world and also some of the light-hearted moments, but the real knee-slapping belly laugh was not in the picture section but in your quote of John Fetzer that today's young pro football fans are going to turn to baseball when they get a little older because baseball is more of a thinking man's game.

That remark has kept me in good humor all week long and is certainly deserving of some sort of award for the decade's outstanding example of pie-in-the-sky wishful thinking.

PAUL LABORE

Macon, Ind.

EXHAUST

Sirs:

When I began reading the article on John DeLorean (*New Kind of Wheel at GM*, Dec. 15), I was at first impressed that here at last was someone who realized the problems of the consumer and could coordinate them with the automobile industry. But when I got to the part where he said that he wanted to "build a new product that will lure the customer out of his old car long before it's worn out," I saw that he has the same philosophy as the man in the "old high-top leather shoes" whom he replaced.

If DeLorean has the feeling for social problems that he indicates, he fails to mention the biggest problem created by the automobile—air pollution. Ralph Nader has stated that if automakers cut out the annual style changes they could reduce prices by at least \$700 per car. This would more than cover the amount that Henry Ford II claims would have to be added to new car prices if they were equipped with the anti-pollution devices that have already been developed.

If, as DeLorean says, "American business has eliminated more suffering than all of the government programs ever conceived . . ." then let him prove it by eliminating the share of air pollution that comes from his high-performance engines, and not trying to push new models on those who have not even finished paying for their fume-belching old ones.

WAYNE ORMAN

Corona del Mar, Calif.

Address editorial mail to *Time & Life Bldg.*, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10030.



©1985 Theodore Hosen Brewing Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Waldech is not generally available. But, if you appreciate beer, it's worth looking for.

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



© 1988 C.C. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HUNTER WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH. AND A PRODUCT OF GREAT CANADIAN WHISKY

No.

That's it. Don't spoil her. Make sure she earns her Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



Photographed at Minaret Summit, Inyo National Forest, Mammoth Lakes, Calif

LONGER...YET Milder

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

Latest
U.S. Government
figures show
PALL MALL 100's
actually lower in "tar"
than the
best selling
filter king.

"Tar"

Pall Mall Gold 100's 19 mg.
Best selling filter king 21 mg.